

Bartenders Contest for Medals

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

Copyrighted for 1903 by the Proprietor, RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York City.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903.

VOLUME LXXXIII. No. 1352.
Price, 10 Cents.

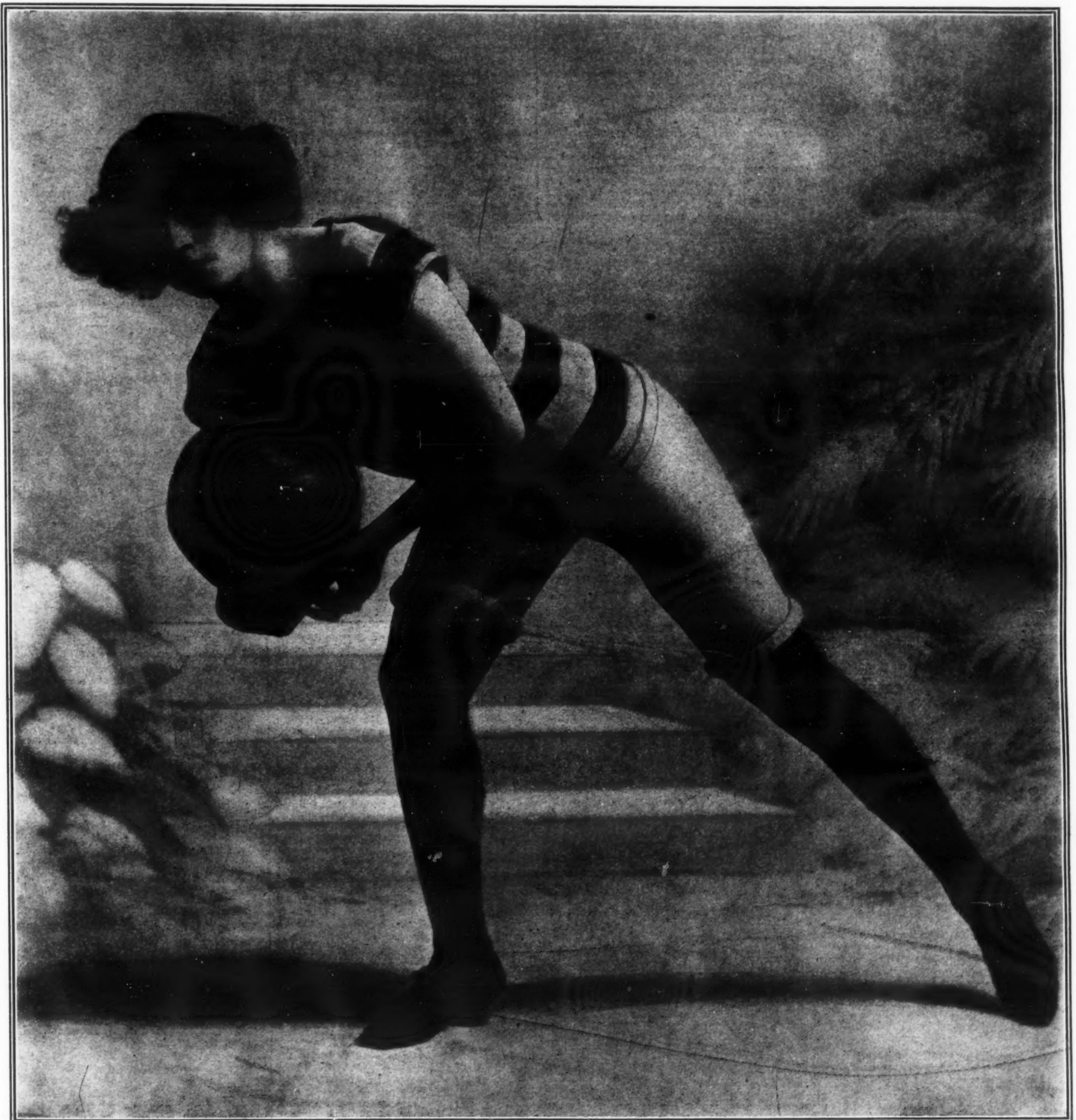


Photo by Gore: Milwaukee.

VIOLET DUSETH.

CHAMPION WOMAN BASKETBALL PLAYER WITH THE HIGH ROLLERS BURLESQUE COMPANY.



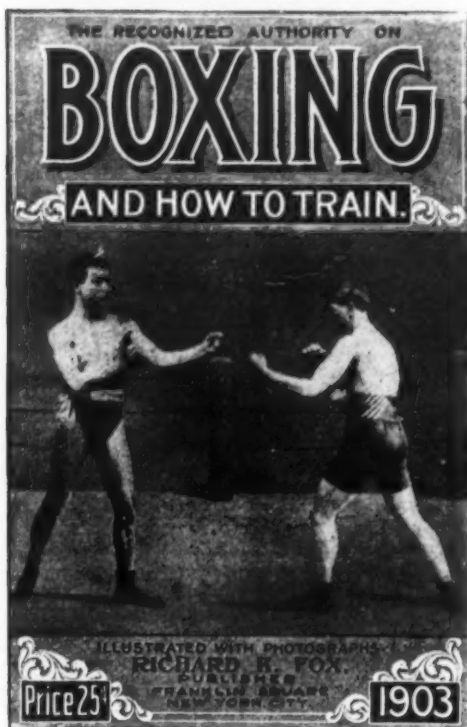
RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, July 11, 1903.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE BEST OF ITS KIND.



[Size, 5 x 7 1/2 inches.]

This invaluable publication should be in the possession of every Athlete, especially Boxers, as the Instruction, Advice and Illustrations which it contains cannot be duplicated for four times its price.

CHALLENGES.

If You Are Looking For a Contest
You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Gerardino Cetrulo, a swordsman of Newark, N. J., is out with a challenge to Prof. Pavese, of Washington, D. C.

The Bartenders' Baseball Club, of Davenport, Ia., will play any bartenders' club in America.—Jack Mok, Manager.

"Kid" Everett, of 86 West Broadway, New York city, announces that he is ready to meet any 115-pound boxer in America.

Jack Roberts, of Chicago, who fights at 110 pounds, has never been defeated. He issues a challenge to all boys at the weight.

I will make a match to box or wrestle any heavyweight in America, James J. Jeffries preferred, and I hereby challenge John Piening to meet me at the Graeco-Roman style.—H. Niemann, Hamburg, Germany.

"Kid" Coffey, who recently gave Martin Cuno a good argument in a ten-round bout, is again after the Fall River lightweight.

Jack Smith, of Worcester, Mass., wants a match with any of the second-class featherweights. He is also looking for a good manager.

Louie Long, the 128-pound champion of the Pacific coast, will meet any fighter in the business at the weight. His address is San Francisco.

Walter Willoughby says he is perfectly willing to wrestle Ed Atherton to a finish if Ed will make the weight 160 pounds instead of 158.

Harry Kelter, wrestling instructor of the Alliance A. C., New York, is out with a challenge to meet any lightweight in a bout on the mat.

I hereby challenge any 128-pound boxer in the country to meet me at the weight for a side bet.—Jack Connors, care of Hert's Cafe, Newark, N. J.

George Monroe, the clever New York bantam, has returned from a successful trip in the West and has issued a challenge to meet champion Harry Forbes.

Mr. Henry Oxenaar, Jr., twenty-six years of age; weight, 135 pounds; challenges any professional man of his weight to box with him up to twenty rounds. Letters to be sent to Mr. Henry J. J. Plache, Willibrordusstraat 291, Amsterdam, Holland.

IT COSTS BIG MONEY

—SAYS THIS SOUBRETTE—

TO GET ON THE STAGE

A Female Barnstormer Tells How She Butted Into the Game in Williamsburg, N. Y.

WILY AGENT TRIMMED HER FOR FIFTY DOLLARS

The Sad, Sad Tale of a Callow Youth, a Diamond Ring and a Broadway Chorus Girl, Showing How It's Done.

"Anybody that thinks the theatrical graft is a pipe can have my end of it for a pack of cigarettes," said the blonde soubrette, as she was doing a little much needed laundry work in her room at the hotel.

"There's a lot of guys who think an actress has about four maids, travels in private cars and goes to and from the theatre in a swell rig. They also think we have safe deposit vaults in all the big cities where we stow our diamonds.

"What right have they got to think, anyhow, and what have they got to think with?

"A peanut shell with not even a nut inside. I'd like to have some of those red necktie sports take a look now. They'd size me up for Mrs. O'Shaughnessey, poor but respectable, and that's no dream.

"Let me tell you one thing," and she stopped rubbing for a minute, "we get trimmed and trimmed good, not once, but all the time. We can't all be Langtry's, and Russell's, and Edna Mays, with the agents breaking their necks to speak to us, and the Willie boys blowing in papa's money for turkeys. There's nobody handling us bank books and automobiles. Nix. If they did, we'd die for joy, and couldn't appreciate them, so it's all the same, I suppose. May be that's one reason why

after it, agents, stage managers, musical directors, bell boys, porters, hack drivers and the rest. They all carry the glad hand, and if you ain't there with the goods at the tap of the bell what do you get?

"To the bone heap for yours. Is it any wonder we're hard up?

"I'll never forget the first time I butted into the business. I was a kid then, and everybody said I had a lovely voice. Well, to tell you the truth, I did. I used to sing 'Sweet Violets' and 'White Wings' while the neighbors would get around and say I had a great future; that I ought to go to Europe and have my voice cultivated. I think they were stringing a little bit. But, anyhow, it swelled my head, and the first thing I knew I was on the way to an agent's. I steered myself into a place on Fourteenth street, and up against a real one. You know the kind, I guess. A 24-carat yellow stone in a 35-cent tie, with the price mark hanging from it, and a piece of chamols in his top pocket to wipe it off whenever the dust has settled on it.

"Those are the boys. They get their coin in big bills and put them on their backs next to the skin with a porous plaster over them. They can't get 'em until they take a Turkish

bath, so the bank roll is always safe, even if it is a little mouldy, and the figures don't grow any smaller.

"I want to go on the stage," says I.

"Well, why don't you go?" says he.

"I've come here to see if you could put me on."

"Sure I can. But it costs money if you've never been on before. What can you do?"

"I can sing."

"Anything else?"

"Not yet, but I can learn."

"Sure you can, a pretty girl like you. How much money have you got?"

"I have \$25 saved up."

"Ah, that's too bad," says he, rubbing his hands together. "It always costs \$50 to get on for the first time; after that it's cheaper. Couldn't you borrow the other \$25. Maybe your folks would let you have it?"

"Maybe they would," says I. "I'll go home and ask them."

"All right, come back to-morrow, and I'll get you on next week."

"Honest, when I went out of there I thought I was the greatest thing on earth. I walked past all the big theatres on Broadway and wondered how my name would look on the billboards in big type.

"What do you think of that? It's a wonder I didn't string myself to death. I didn't though. I lived until I got home, and I actually made a touch on the old lady for \$25 on the strength of what the agent told me, and I promised to pay it back out of my first week's salary. Wasn't that a rainbow?"

"Well, the next day, with the half hundred in my glove, I called on the agent again, and I was so anxious to give up that he had the roll in his mitt before I sat down. I'll bet four dollars that was the quickest touch he ever made. He collared it like a hungry kid grabbing a plate of sinkers, and then he said:

"Now we'll go out and have a little lunch and talk it over."

"So out we went, and he showed his nerve by taking me to a beanery where a starving man couldn't eat more than fifty cents worth to save his life unless he was built so he could swallow the furniture, and then his check might have been a dollar and a quarter.

"When we got back to his office he told me he had a place in Williamsburg for me at \$6 a week, but if I worked hard I would get better and better, so that maybe some day I would be in grand opera and get as much as \$1,000 every time I sung.

"What do you think of that?"

"Did I take it? Sure I did. I was game, anyhow. My father and mother walked over to the joint and

found me carrying a broomstick with tinfoil on it. I was wearing a pair of thirty-cent pink tights. I was pulled out of that joint like a cork out of a bottle, and that settled me for awhile. But once you get the fever, you're gone, and six months later I ran away with



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

EDITH WORDEN.

The Girl with a Gun but Not At All Dangerous.

Harry De Silva; maybe you remember him, he used to do a slack wire and roman ring act. He broke me in to do an acrobatic song and dance, and I'm in the business yet.

"That agent that I've been telling you about is on Broadway now with a swell office. I met him on the street one day last summer and spoke to him. He said: 'Glad to meet you, but you've got the best of me.'

"No," says I, "you've got the best of me—fifty dollars in small bills."

"He started to say something, but I was on my way,"

Another of those queer little incidents that add to the gaiety of life along the Great White Lane and which keep the names of the various show girls prominent in the public eye has just come to light. And it is not due to an overheated imagination on the part of the press agent.

The principal actors in the little drama are one of the show girls of Broadway; a youth who poses as a Yale student; a detective from Police Headquarters, and a manager.

The supposed Yale student traveled down to Police Headquarters the other day to make complaint that a young woman of the stage, who had been introduced to him as "Minnie," had stolen a valuable seal ring from him. He gave a name to the police and said he was a student from Yale. What he desired was the ring and the immediate incarceration, and if possible, electrocution, of the young woman who had it in her possession. A detective was sent from headquarters on the case, and in the course of his investigation called upon the manager.

The latter made some inquiries on the stage during a performance, and the lady acknowledged she had the ring. She produced it and turned it over. Then she related her side of the story.

"I was at Rector's the other evening with a party of friends," she said, "when this chap came in. He knew one of the gentlemen in our party slightly and was introduced. He began to make the most violent love to me, and inside of an hour proposed immediate marriage. As an evidence of his earnestness he pulled the ring off his finger and forced it on me. I didn't want it; it's only a cheap little affair; but he insisted, and to keep peace in the party I put it on. And that's all there is to it."

Of course, the lady said that under the circumstances she wouldn't have the gem, and she promised to be more careful in the future—that is, she wouldn't take a diamond from anyone but a thoroughbred.

Now do you see how they get them?

"Yes, the stork brought us a baby brother."

"But he is so small."

"Well, you see, the flies are so small in our house I don't guess the stork could get a larger one down the chimney."

Williams, Holms and Williams have signed with the Who, What, When Minstrels for next season. To do their triple swing and trio singing turn. They are having all new wardrobe made and new scenery painted especially for the coming season's work.

Manager Ed. Wortley, of Lindley Park, Greensboro, N. C. (Southern Amusement Company), has shown his energy and ability, not only in creating an ideal park out of a comparative wilderness, but also, after completing an up-to-date theatre, in firmly adhering to the principle that nothing is too good for his patrons, is furnishing only first class, clean and suitable attractions.

The best book on wrestling is now ready. It contains everything; is by Champion George Bothner. Fully illustrated. Price, 25 cents; this office.



Photo from Baker's Art Gallery: Columbus, O.

AMETA.

A Charming Dancer whose Act is Always a Great Hit.

they don't cough up—they don't want to kill us. "But wherever you see a soubrette you'll see a guy with his mitt out reaching for the coin. They're all

Odd or curious photos wanted for the POLICE GAZETTE. If you have any that are interesting send them in at once.

in Williamsburg for me at \$6 a week, but if I worked hard I would get better and better, so that maybe some day I would be in grand opera and get as much as \$1,000 every time I sung.

"What do you think of that?"

"Did I take it? Sure I did. I was game, anyhow. My father and mother walked over to the joint and

KEEP YOUR EYE ON PAGE 7---ATTILA'S PHYSICAL CULTURE LESSONS ARE THE RAGE

PRIZE RING REPORTEE

—DURING MANY BOUTS—

HEARD BY THE REFEREE

Jests Which Go With a Stiff Punch and Vicious Taunts
Which Sometimes Win a Match.

WHEN SAILOR TOM SHARKEY'S SHIP WENT DOWN.

Charley White, the Old-Time Referee, Tells of Remarks He Has Heard Within
the Ropes of a Twenty-four Foot Ring.

You might call it ring wit, or airy persiflage, or anything you please, but it doesn't usually find its way into print. By it is meant the repartee of fighters while engaged in a contest. In talking on this subject, Charley White, once a referee, but now a devotee of the race track, says:

"A clever fighter never neglects any legitimate chance to beat his antagonist. The talking that goes

"Terry McGovern and Young Corbett in their whirlwind fight at Hartford for the championship a year ago didn't talk much, but their words came out as fast as their blows, and they were quickest I ever saw in any ring. In the first round, in a hot mix-up, a right swing of Young Corbett's landed high on McGovern's head and dazed him for perhaps one second. He jumped back, took a deep breath and rushed in again.

"Stung you up some, didn't it?" asked Young Corbett, with a grin.

"Why wouldn't it?" says Terry. "It was with the right."

"Yes, but I'm there with the left, too," said Corbett.

"All right," Terry answers; "I'm there with one, too."

"Just then he swung his left in a terrific hook that caught Young Corbett on the stomach and knocked him down on his knees.

When Fitzsimmons and Sharkey fought at Coney Island some time after their battle at San Francisco, the Sailor, who had improved a great deal in the meantime, rushed at Fitz, swinging both hands. His left caught Fitz high on the jaw and shook him up pretty well.

"That's a good one, Tom!" Fitz exclaimed.

"Yes, and here comes another one," said Sharkey. "I'm not as easy as you think."

"Tom had the best of the round and kept Fitz on the defensive. As they started back to their corners at the close of the round, Fitzsimmons turned and winked and grinned at the Sailor.

"Just wait till you see me sink the ship," he prophesied. "The ship," of course, was the fine, big, full-rigged three-master that Tom had tattooed on his enormous chest. In the next round Fitzsimmons suddenly exclaimed: "Ere, now, Tom, 'ere goes for your face." Unthinkingly the Sailor threw up his guard to protect his jaw, and just then Fitzsimmons' right in a fierce upper-cut landed on the keel of that big blue ship like a torpedo. The keel is just about on Sharkey's solar plexus.

"The ship reeled, quivered and slowly sank to the floor with all on board. Tom was a great raller, however, and in a few seconds he was up and fighting again. Once more Fitzsimmons told him 'Ere's one for your face,' and as Tom threw his arms up Fitz's fist landed under the ship again, and this time poor Tom went down and out.

"Oh!" says Fitz, "I meant to say, 'Ere's one for the ship.'"

"The most effective conversation, judging by results, that I ever heard in the ring was between Kid McCoy and Peter Maher, in their celebrated fight at Coney Island on New Year's Day. They clinched in the second round and McCoy held Maher's arms so that he could not move. Then he looked him in the eye and smiled his malicious, cold, sneering smile and said:

"Well, you big stiff, I see you are in the newspapers hollering for sympathy because your wife is sick. Well, when I get through with you you will want more sympathy than ever."

"As a matter of fact, Peter's wife was terribly sick at that time. When he heard McCoy's words, the Irishman became frantic with resentment, and, of course, that helped McCoy to beat him.

"When the fight was over McCoy went over to Peter's corner and shook hands with him.

"What I said in the clinch don't go, Peter," he remarked. "That was just a little matter of business, you know." Peter was madder than ever to think how he had been fooled into losing his temper; but, of course, it was too late to do anything then.

"George McFadden and Spike Sullivan had a great fight at the Broadway A. C. McFadden had all the best of it. He thumped and banged and smashed Spike all around the ring for a dozen rounds or more.

"Ha, ha, Spike, I've got you now!" he exclaimed, as Sullivan came staggering up from a knockdown. The Irishman grinned at him contemptuously.

"Jarge," he said, "you're just limbering me up, that's all. You're only making me sooper." The repartee pretty nearly downed McFadden.

"Once, though, Spike was unable to deliver any repartee. That was in his fight with Jack Downey. He made Jack angry by winking over his shoulder during the clinches, as a signal for his brother to bet more Sullivan money, although the odds against Spike were getting bigger all the time. Downey's trainer found out what the winks meant and told Downey. This made him furious. He caught Spike a hot right swing on the chin, and as Sullivan's hands dropped and his body slammed back against a post Downey stood there panting and glaring at him and said:

"Now wink, you Irish son of a gun!"

"It is just possible that stopping to talk at this moment lost the fight for Downey. He soon got tired of whaling Sullivan after that—so tired that his arms fell to his sides and he could not raise them. Sullivan rallied and got the decision. He was too tired to talk

A revised edition of "Hoyle's Games" will be sent free with the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks on receipt of \$1.



GERARDINO CETRULO.

A Skillful Fencer of Newark, N. J., who Challenges Generoso Pavese.

on between two men who are punching each other in the ring is nearly always done for effect. I don't suppose that any man in the business would know what you meant if you talked to him about hypnotism by suggestion, and yet that is just what any clever man will try to do to his opponent—say something that will make him think he is beaten.

"I have heard hundreds of amusing dialogues in the ring as I, as referee, stood close to two fellows who were trying to put each other to sleep with their fists. I can't remember them all, of course, but some of them I shall never forget. For example, when Jim Jeffries was defending the championship against Jim Corbett, that night at Coney Island, Corbett flew around the big fellow like a deerhound around a big stag, jabbing and worrying him almost as he pleased. Naturally, if he could make Jeff think that he had him at his mercy, that state of mind would help him to victory; so, after whirling a left hook on the champion's mouth, Corbett laughed and exclaimed: 'Well, Jeff, I taught you all you know out at Carson City, but I kept a few things up my sleeve. I'm going to spring them on you to-night.'

"This didn't worry Jeffries a little bit. He grinned his good-natured, schoolboy grin as he answered:

"Well, I have a few tricks that I never showed you out there, Jim; but I will show them to you pretty soon."

"In the twenty-third round Jeffries swung his left on Corbett's jaw and put him down and out. Corbett was still dazed when he got up, and his seconds had to lead him back to his corner. Jeffries came over.

"Say, Jim," he exclaimed, "I fought you fair, didn't I?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Corbett, who had not quite come to. "It was a good fight, wasn't it? I guess it's all right, Jeff."

"The effect of a knockout on a man is always curious. I remember Jack Downey was knocked down by Jim Burge, the 'Iron man,' one night, and only the gong at the end of the round saved him from being counted out. As he came to his corner his eyes had a far-away expression. I asked him how he felt.

"Bully," he replied. "I can lick the whole five."

"All right, Jack," I told him; "just try and punch the middle one hard, and then you will be all right."

then, but he walked over to Downey's corner, shook his hand and gave him the most elaborate wink I ever saw on a human face.

"Spike is the comedian of the ring. Tommy White, the scientific tapper, got a decision over him in six rounds at Philadelphia. Spike laughed as he shook hands after it.

"Say, Tommy," he exclaimed, "sure 'tis a pleasure to get hit by you. It's a wonder you wouldn't learn to fight."

"When Ruhl and Sharkey were fighting in London a few months ago Sharkey had all the best of the first two rounds. In the third round Ruhl found himself and began peppering Tom with long, straight lefts.

"It ain't so easy as Coney Island, is it?" asked Sharkey, referring to the beating Ruhl had given him there. Ruhl landed a left and then a right hook on the Sailor's jaw that made his head rock.

"No," replied Gus. "It ain't as easy as Coney Island. It's a little easier."

"Ruhl and Maher had one of the fiercest fights on record in their twenty-round go at the Lenox A. C. In the midst of a hot rally Peter exclaimed:

"Ha, Ha, you Dutchman, I'll make you quit!"

"Blast you!" said Ruhl, sending in three hot right-handers on Peter's ribs. "Blast you! I'm no Dutchman, I'm an American, and I'll make you quit!"

"I don't know why it is, but fighters hate to be called Dutchmen. Ruhl is of Swiss descent.

"If I was behind a hot-tempered man going into the ring I'd forbid him to talk or listen to his antagonist. In the talking game the cool-headed fellow has the advantage every time."

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?

If you are going South at any time, and you want to travel right, you should go by way of the Southern Railway. They are the best equipped trains in the country, and every convenience and comfort is provided for the traveler. For tickets and information call on Alex S. Thweatt, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway; telephone, 3036 Madison Square.

ANDY WALSH BEATEN AGAIN.

Mike Schreck, of Cincinnati, again proved his ability to whip Andy Walsh, of Brooklyn. They met before the West End Club, St. Louis, June 23. Schreck was awarded the decision. Walsh seemed to be doing his best, but was not in as good condition as he should have been.

Walter Montgomery, Chief of Police of Greenville, Ill., a much-touted scrapper, was a cinch for Joe Curtin, of Chicago. The Chief put up a good first round, but then tired. Curtin was walloping the life out of the copper in the third when the latter fouled out. The decision went to the Chicago boxer.

O'BRIEN BEATS BONNER.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was awarded the decision over Jack Bonner at Mauch Chunk, Pa., the other night, at the end of one of the fastest ten-round bouts that has ever been seen in that town. Bonner was in grand shape and for the first half of the bout he held O'Brien even. After that, however, O'Brien took the lead and at the end had Bonner holding on to avoid a knockout. Bonner insisted on boxing straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, each man to protect himself on the break. This was thought to be to the advantage



JACK JEREMIAH.

A Sturdy Five-year-old of Shamokin, Pa., who is an Adept with the Gloves.

of Bonner, but he found that O'Brien was as strong as himself and at the rough game O'Brien was as good as Bonner. Pat Doyle, of Mauch Chunk, was the referee.

NEW STYLE OF WRESTLING.

English sports have taken to the Japanese style of wrestling as introduced by Tani, the Jap. The match takes place in a circle, twelve feet in diameter, laid out on a raised platform. The victory is won by the man who first succeeds in ejecting his opponent from the circle. The wrestlers wear a tight-fitting waistband, which is for the purpose of obtaining a hold. Tani offers any man \$500 that he cannot defeat. Thus far all of his opponents have not lasted on an average of over three minutes.

KNOCKED OUT
IN SIX ROUNDS

Young Corbett Puts Hughey Murphy
Out of the Championship Running.

Hughey Murphy, of New York, was knocked out by Champion Young Corbett, of Denver, Col., in the sixth round of their ten-round bout for the featherweight championship of the world at the Tammany Club, Boston, Mass., June 23. The bout was a gruelling affair, with never a let-up. Through its entire distance each boy was determined in his intention to wear the other out. The champion looked too fat to go at any speed and had several pounds the advantage in weight, but he never did any chasing, and, though distressed on account of his wind, was hard and ready to stand a lot of punishment.

He started in to make an early termination of the mill, and had Murphy taking the count after a hard right smash on the head in the first round, but after that failure to accomplish his purpose he stayed back waiting his opportunity. It came in the sixth. The boys were close together, and the champion swung lefts and rights in quick succession, and Murphy went down like a log under the hurricane of blows.

At long range Murphy made Corbett look like a second-rater with his jabs, which were not to the champion's liking. Murphy made the mistake of going to his man, and he was always worsted, as Corbett depended on his powerful swings when close up, which he landed with awful effect.

Corbett was the first to let his arm go when the battle began. He landed a light jab on the head. Corbett showed his style immediately by leading with his right and swinging with the left. A terrific right caught Murphy on the side of the head, sending him to the mat. He took half the count. Before Corbett could get after him the gong rang.

Murphy came up surprisingly fresh in the second round, but the boys had hardly started hostilities when Corbett landed another swing on the head and Murphy went down. He got together quickly. He rushed at Corbett, uppercutting and landing straight lefts on the face. Corbett could not avoid the jabs that Murphy put between the eyes, but they failed to daze him, and the round ended with honors even.

In the third round Corbett began playing for the body. He used bull-like rushes to get close to land his punches, but he was willing to clinch after he had run into Murphy's left several times. Corbett slipped down as he landed a swing on Hughey's ribs, but was on his feet in an instant. Corbett tried his best to keep Murphy at short range and in the mixup did some execution inside, but Murphy retaliated by several straight lefts flush on the face. Murphy looked fresh at the close of the round, while Corbett had a serious expression on his face.

Murphy continued to land with his left in the fourth, getting to the head clean without a return. Corbett got in a right swing that jugged Murphy, but the champion was swinging wildly. Murphy put a right to the body that had lots of steam, and at the gong landed hard with his left on the head.

Corbett rushed in the fifth, penetrating Murphy's guard with his right. He tried to draw Murphy in close to hook him, but it was no go, as Murphy wanted to stand off and jump in with his left, which he kept planting between Corbett's eyes. In a clinch Corbett tried to sneak in a right swing, but it went wild and Murphy drew the claret with his left.

Corbett played for the body in the sixth. Murphy tried to force things, and Corbett swung blindly till he got close, when he suddenly let go his left. The first caught Murphy on the jaw, and then the champion's right went over, which did the business, and he fell grovelling on the mat. Referee Smith counted him out.

PETER JACKSON'S MONUMENT.

Admirers of the late Peter Jackson will find interesting reading in the following article published in the Sydney (Australia) Referee:

"Mr. L. Pages, the well-known monumental mason of Rookwood, has completed the memorial which is to be placed over Peter Jackson's grave in Toowong Cemetery, Brisbane. The whole thing weighs ten tons, and, bar the Carrara marble, of which the sleeping lion on top and the bust of Peter in front are made, everything in the structure is of local production. The stone is the pick of those fine quarries at Pyrmont and the marble the best Italy can supply.

"The memorial will be on view all day to-day at Saunders' sawing sheds, corner of Wattle street and Glebe road, Pyrmont. Buses run frequently along Market street and across the bridge, dropping passengers close to the place.

"It is understood that the unveiling will take place in Brisbane inside of three weeks."

BILL CLARK'S WALLOP.

When Prof. Bill Clark, of the Clark Natatorium, St. Louis, Mo., was young, he was known in pugilistic circles as "The Belfast Chicken," the "easiest 'tting middleweight his hold Hingland."

In these good old days Prof. Bill had a terrible wallop. Now he is bald, but he still has the wallop. The other afternoon Detectives Killoan and Antrem entered the Natatorium and said: "Professor, there are three thieves on your roof."

He led the way upstairs to the roof. The thieves were cornered. Each detective singled out a man and grappled with him. But Prof. Bill knew a better way. He had very nearly killed a big Yorkshireman with that wallop once. It had won him many battles, but it was forty years since he had tried it.

"The Belfast Chicken" swung his right and placed it on the point of the jaw of the largest of the thieving trio, who went down like a felled ox. It took eight minutes to bring him to. The thieves were placed under arrest.

You can become an expert wrestler by following the instructions in George Bothner's new book published by the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

WRESTLING---Bothner's Book is the Best and Latest---Finely Illustrated. Send 25 Cents for it at Once



MLLE. OLIVE.

ONE OF THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG WOMEN JUGGLERS IN THE BUSINESS.



LILLIAN EMERY.

A TALENTED STAGE BEAUTY WHOSE SERVICES ARE VERY MUCH IN DEMAND.



THE DE FORRESTS.

THEY ARE THE ORIGINATORS AND EXPONENTS OF THE FAMOUS WHIRLWIND DANCE.



MABEL FENTON.

HER STAGE CAREER HAS BEEN A VARIED ONE, BUT UNIFORMLY SUCCESSFUL AND REMUNERATIVE.



MLLE. FLORA.

SHE'S SAID TO BE ONE OF THE SHAPeliEST AND MOST VERSATILE PERFORMERS IN THE PROFESSION.



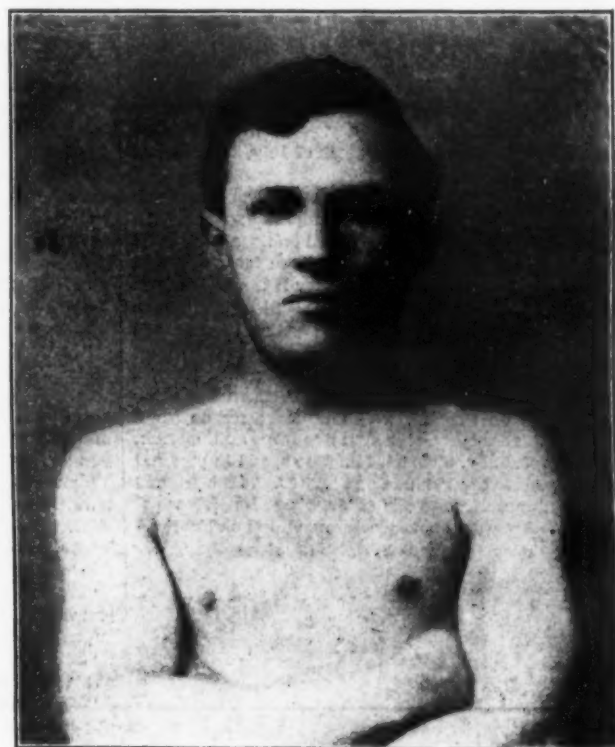
GEORGE C. HOSICK.
IS THE BEST AMATEUR WRESTLER
IN KITTANNING, PA.



"HAVE ONE ON THE HOUSE."
ASA BUCHENBERGER, WELL-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF THE PROSPEROUS SUNFLOWER SALOON,
EVANSVILLE, IND., AND SOME OF HIS SPORTING FRIENDS.



FENTELLE AND RADCLIFFE.
THE TRAMP AND THE DUTCH KID WHO HAVE
AN INTERESTING ACT IN VAUDEVILLE.



JACK CONNOR.
A 128-POUND BOXER OF NEWARK, N. J.,
WHO ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



THE BARTENDERS' BASEBALL CLUB.
ATHLETIC DRINK MIXERS OF DAVENPORT, IOWA, WHO ANNOUNCE THEIR WILLINGNESS TO MEET
ANY BARTENDERS' CLUB IN THE COUNTRY ON THE DIAMOND.

A GAMBLING PUGILIST

BECOMES POPULAR AND

MAKES A HIT AT PANAMA

He Varies the Monotony of a Sea Voyage by Taking a Crack at the Tiger at Colon.

HAD THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY ON HIS STAFF.

Marched Back to the Ship With an Army at His Heels and Demanded Drinks for His Motley Followers.

It isn't at all necessary for the purposes of this story to mention the name of the pugilist who figures in it other than to call him Jack, and to say he has always been famed for the ease with which he managed to get rid of large sums of money. He was to fight in San Francisco and it was considered that the best way to send him would be down the Isthmus and across, so as to keep him out of the way of booze palaces.

I was a purser on the Alliance of the Panama Steamship line at the time, and Jack was turned over in my care with \$30 as spending money. We went ashore at Colon to a place called the Fourth of July, and we had a few drinks.

Just as we were about to leave Jack happened to catch sight of the roulette wheel in the adjoining room. In spite of my entreaties, he insisted on trying a spin. I tried my best to make him give up the idea, and told him what a long and thirsty journey it would be from Panama to Frisco in a state of bankruptcy; but as long as Jack had two cents rolled together they burned his pocket, so in he went.

He threw down a ten-dollar bill, saying that five of it went on the red. It came black, whereupon he put the other five on the red, which promptly came black again. Not discouraged, he put five more on the black, and lost that also. This left him \$2 to spend on personal expenses between Panama and Frisco. As this seemed but a bitter sarcasm to one of Jack's expensive appetite, he threw \$1 on the column and \$1 on the third dozen. Both won, which left him \$6 to the good.



Photo by Marx: Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOCKEY O'NEIL.

The Clever Lightweight Westerner who is now Riding with Great Success in the East.

Three dollars of this he left on the column and \$3 on the third dozen, both of which won again.

Thereupon Jack changed his money into Colombian silver, getting about a hatful of the stuff, and from that time on he won steadily, until the coupier began to get nervous and sent for the proprietor. By the time the proprietor reached the place the table in front of Jack was piled so high with silver pieces that they were slipping off around the edges, to be picked up and in

part returned by the admiring throng that had quickly assembled in the place.

At the beginning of Jack's run of luck he had issued to Martin, the proprietor, a standing order to keep every glass in the room full to the brim of the best that he had in the house.

By this time pandemonium was reigning supreme. The room was packed until the walls began to bulge, and Jack was placing his bets in double handfuls.

"Come on, Jack," I urged, "for heaven's sake quit. We've got a bigger contract than we can handle now to get back aboard with all this silverware!"

"Not by a — — sight!" replied Jack. "Why, purser, every one of these gentlemen is my dearest friend! They'll see that I don't get done—won't you, boys!"

There was a joyous howl of assent from the crowd, most of the pockets of which were already bulging suspiciously, and many were the malevolent glances that were thrown at me.

"Jack," said I desperately, "can't you see that you're acting like a blankety blank fool? You came in here with \$17, and now you're ahead of the game several thousand. For the Lord's sake do show a little savvy and jar loose before you drop it all again! Why, man, you haven't got the sense the Lord gave a Jack rabbit. You might better stand on the hurricane deck and fire it at the porpoises than spill it around the way you're doing now—"

"Ah, mind yer own — — business!" said some one in the crowd. "Jack ain't no cheap sport."

"Chuck him out! Don't let him break up the game just when the luck's all a-comin' Jack's way!" interrupted another.

"Come on along, Jack," said I, persuasively, tugging at his shoulder.

"Oh, get to — — aboard, if you want to!" said Jack, impatiently. "I'm goin' to bust this bloomin' greaser's bank if it takes all night!"

That made me angry.

"All right—go ahead, you drunken chump," said I. "I'm going down aboard."

I started for the door, and the crowd closed in around the table. One or two made a sort of movement to stop me; but when they caught my eye they thought better of it, and I departed in peace with my load of silver. When I got back aboard I put the money in a safe place and turned in.

It seemed to me that I had just got off to sleep when I was suddenly awakened by a most terrific uproar, which, as I listened, grew greater and greater in volume. Quickly jumping out of bed, I threw on some clothes, shoved a revolver in my pocket and hurried up on deck. The day had broken and by the early light I saw advancing down the street what at first seemed to be a mob. Presently it took unto itself the appearance of a martial array.

It was truly an inspiring sight. At the head of the heavy but irregular column, composed of soldiers, sailors, beach-combers and tramps of every color and nationality, marched Jack arm in arm with a swarthy officer in a glittering uniform. As they neared the wharf Jack turned to his company and drew himself up.

"Ye—c—comp'ny—c—halt!"

They halted and a few fell down.

"Ri' front into—c—line."

A commotion shook the ranks as they all crowded to the front, many stumbling over the bodies of prostrate friends.

Arms, sticks, clubs and bottles were gravely presented. Jack turned sedately to the officer at his side and saluted.

"Sir, the parade is formed."

The officer majestically drew his sword, and, thrusting out his chest, stalked down the swaying line of heroes. Inspired by their formidable appearance, he stepped back and started to harangue them. At the same moment Jack happened to catch sight of me standing on deck in my overcoat and pajamas. He drew himself up and saluted.

"Mr. Purser," he began, raising his voice to drown that of the General, "low me to present for your official inspection this noble army of gallant booze fighters, who —"

"Forward, my braves!" roared the General, in Spanish.

"Oh, dry up!" roared Jack. Then, as if the words had suggested something to his mind, he turned to me.

"Come, Purser, give my army a drink!"

"Yes, that's it—a drink!" howled the army.

"All right," said I, "but pardon me if I ask who is going to pay for it?"

"Oh, just charge it to me," replied Jack, loftily.

"Have you got any money?"

"Money! Who says money? Why—no, damn it, I don't believe I have. But you've got some of my money, haven't ye?"

"Not a cent!" said I. "You know I left you early."

There is a boom in cock fighting just now and lovers of the game ought to have the "Cocker's Guide," 25 cents.

"Liar! Liar!" furiously howled the motley army. "Silence in the ranks—hold your lip—shut up!" yelled Jack. "Honest, haven't ye, Purser?"

"Not a bloomin' red," I answered. "But if you'll promise to disband your army and come aboard I'll serve you all out a drink on me!"

The idea met with great acclaim, and after a drink all around the army, most of whom were growing fatigued, disbanded.

I had hard work to break Jack out in time to catch his train for Panama that afternoon, but when he finally did manage to get on his legs the first thing that he asked for was a bottle of whiskey.

I hesitated a little and then asked him if he had any



Photo by Vander Wegde: New York.

"SANDOW" MERTES.

The Hard-Hitting Left Fielder Now Playing with the New York Nationals.

money to pay for it. A vain search through his pockets revealed the sad fact that he had not.

"I thought you took some of the money I won with you, Purser," he said.

"I gave it all back to you—don't you remember?" said I.

"Come to think about it, I believe you did," sighed Jack.

"Well, I'll give you a drink, anyway," said I, "but I pity you going all the way from Panama to Frisco without a red. Maybe I can help you out a little—not much, of course, but enough to save your life."

Jack thanked me and we went together to the depot. I saw him on the train, and then, just as she was about to pull out, I handed him a package.

"What's this?" asked Jack, surprised at the weight. "That's \$600 that I saved from your winnings last night before you lost it all like a fool—"

"But I thought you said—"

"Well, I lied. See? Good-bye and good luck to you!"

ANOTHER MATCH FOR HERRERA.

Young Mowatt, the fighting conductor, has been matched to meet Aurelia Herrera, the clever Mexican featherweight, who gave the world of pugilism a genuine surprise by tendering Kid Broad the first knockout in his career. The men have been offered the first date at Fort Erie after the Root-Gardiner battle, and will probably come together about the middle of July.

NEARY'S GREAT SHOWING.

The sports of Milwaukee are enthusiastic over what they consider the great showing made by Charlie Neary in his recent fight with Buddy Ryan before the Badger A. C., and his manager is now anxious to match him against Benny Yanger, Kid Broad, or Jimmy Britt.

The semi-final of the fight, which was between Battling Nelson, of Chicago, and Mickey Riley, went six hard rounds to a draw. Both boys put up a gruelling contest, and they are to be rematched.

Charlie Mack, of Milwaukee, and George Schrosbee, of Chicago, furnished the third bout and it was a little disappointing, inasmuch that the bout ended in the third round on a claim of foul, and the contest given to Mack.

Corkey Smith and Young Kinney put up a clever and fast battle in the second preliminary, Corkey winning out in the third on a swing to the jaw.

Joe Erit, the brewer, and Ed Dempsey, the brakeman, put up a rattling go and the referee gave them a draw.

TONSorialist AFTER MEDAL

A Crack Brooklyn Barber Makes a Trial For the Championship Trophy.

Frank Bala, a hustling Brooklyn barber, invited the representatives of the press when he tried for the "Police Gazette" medal, and every paper in New York published a story about him. The following is from the New York Sun:

Seventeen beards cut from the chins of as many longshoremen is Frank Bala's record in the competition for the gold medal offered by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to the barber who should shave the most men in thirty minutes. The record was made in Bala's shop, at 323 Furman street, Brooklyn, before a notary public, an official timekeeper and threescore witnesses.

About seventy-five men were crowded into the shop when the trial began, and people were standing three deep before the windows. The subjects, naturally, were about the toughest, from a tonsorial standpoint, that Furman street could produce. In fact, only those whose beards rasped with a manly harshness as Bala ran his fingers over them were admitted.

Andy Dean was the first man in the chair. He had about five days' growth of beard, which shaded almost imperceptibly on each side into a short, bristly, black mustache. Bala laid out six razors that had been prepared especially for the slaughter, tucked a few towels under his belt and picked up the loaded lather brush.

"Are you ready?" called out Timekeeper Jim Lake.

"Yes," said Bala.

"Go!" roared the timekeeper, and Bala made a downward jab with the brush that scattered lather from one ear to the other. Two quick swipes with the brush on each cheek, a hurried chasing of fingers over the raspy mat and the longshoreman was ready for the razor. Two strokes finished the left side of the face, two more cleaned the right side and a few quick ones scraped the chin and neck bare.

Andy never murmured.

"Done!" cried Bala.

"One minute and forty seconds," sang out the timekeeper and then there was loud applause.

John Nesping, whose beard is red, was the next man up, and he also was turned out in 1 minute and 40 seconds, bleeding only slightly from a gash on the chin.

John Cowan's capillary adornment was easier, and it went down in 1 minute and 15 seconds. Joe Packard and Jim McCarthy were finished in about the same time. A Frenchman, who couldn't speak English, but who knew that he needed a shave, was the sixth man. He came out holding his face in his bandanna and jabbering volubly. John Keeler, Pat Herring and Tommy Williams were finished up in fairly quick time. Bala was warming to his work now and he trimmed Jimmy Hennessy's face in exactly one minute, the best time made. Jimmy had considerable blood on him at the finish. An unknown man then took the chair.

"One minute and 16 seconds," said the timekeeper as this one got up.

Louis Bey, a Turk, came out in quick time with part of his promising young mustache gone. The McNally brothers were finished up in less than three minutes and two other men were done about as quickly.

"One minute and ten seconds more," the timekeeper shouted. But Bala had run out of subjects.

"Quick," he screamed, as he changed razors, and the timekeeper himself was pushed into the chair. Bala took the last bunch of hair off his chin just as the gong sounded.

He was cheered to the echo. Then, just to show that he wasn't down and out, he cut a man's hair in 2 minutes and 15 seconds and shaved "Buck" Busted, the man with the iron beard, who is barred out of all Furman street barber shops, in just 1 minute and 35 seconds.

CHARLEY BURNS SHOOT'S HIMSELF

Charley Burns, the well-known welterweight prize fighter, of Cincinnati, shot himself over the heart in Washington Park, Chicago, June 19, and he is not expected to live. Burns was walking in Drexel boulevard, near Fifty-eighth street, when he met Mrs. Ned C. Bates, the wife of a theatrical man. Mrs. Bates and Burns have known each other for years, but there has been some misunderstanding between them. After conversing excitedly for a few minutes passers-by saw Burns make a move toward the woman.

She darted back and called for help, and her husband came running up. He struck at Burns with his cane, and Burns drew a revolver and leveled it at him.

Bates struck it up with his cane and called for the police. A large crowd had been attracted by the altercation and two policemen came up opportunely. On seeing them Burns took to his heels, running off into Washington Park, with the crowd, led by Bates and the two policemen, in full chase. Burns, revolver in hand, ran like a deer. Two men who came suddenly on him in a by-path tried to stop him, but he bumped one over and knocked the other out with his fist. All efforts to catch him were vain and he disappeared.

The pursuers, now numbering several hundred, spread out in a semicircle and gradually closed in on him. They proceeded carefully, for he seemed to be desperate. Finally a movement was seen in a clump of bushes in a small open space.

"There he is! Look out!" some of the pursuers warned. The police and Bates pushed on, but just before they reached the bushes Burns called out:

"Keep off; you'll never take me alive."

Almost instantly there was a loud report and a groan, and when the officers parted the underbrush the prize fighter was found bleeding with an ugly wound just over the heart. The revolver was still clutched in his hand, but he made no attempt to use it further and an ambulance was called and he was borne to a hospital, where it was found that the shot had made a wound which the surgeons said would be fatal.

Lightweight Champion George Bothner's illustrated book on wrestling will be mailed free to anyone sending \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

IF YOU HAVE AMBITION

—SAYS ATTILA—

YOU CAN BE AN ATHLETE

Watch These Stories and Follow His Instructions if You
Want to Attain Robust Health.

PROFESSIONAL STRONG MEN ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

There is a Good Living for the Young Man Who Will Develop His Muscles and
Become an Adept With the Weights.

By PROF. ATTILA.—Series No. 21.

If you want any back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE, containing my previous physical culture articles, I would suggest that you send in your orders at once, because the demand for them has been so great that the editions are almost exhausted. Once they are out of print it isn't likely they will ever be republished, and the man who has a complete file will be able to get his own price for it.

The reports received from those who are working with the big bells is most encouraging. All are pleased and delighted with the work, as I knew they would be, and if we keep on like this we will soon have a race of athletes.

Don't be afraid to practice.

Keep at it all the time.

Whenever you have ten minutes to spare, work with the bells, whether it is in the morning or at night.

The only thing I would caution you against is violent exercise within an hour after eating.

That is bad.

Better work on an empty stomach; that is the best.



PLATE No. 33.

And now for the finish of last week's position, which will be

EXERCISE NO. 33.

Assuming that you have both bells poised as high as your shoulders. There are two ways of doing this, namely, by the jerk movement, forcing them quickly upward, or the slow press. If the latter is to be tried, see instructions in the previous exercise, published last week.

The accompanying plate shows the position of the legs and the head.

Look out for next week's lesson. It will be a good

one, and one that will surely be a muscle developer. Now for some letters:

I am a better man, physically and in every way, than I ever was before, and it all comes from taking your lessons. NELSON WALTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

The big bell exercises are all right. When I first started in I had all I could do to handle the five-pound weights. I am now working with thirty pounds. What are we going to have next?

JOSEPH WATSON, Barber, Paterson, N. J.

[Don't know yet.—ATTILA.]

I have only been able to exercise about ten minutes a day. When I started in my chest measure was thirty-four, now it is thirty-seven inches. I think your exercises are great. HARRY L. JACKSON, Cairo, Ill.

As an athlete allow me to congratulate you on your excellent articles on physical culture. I have recommended them to many of my young friends in this city. JAMES MURPHY,

Matchmaker, Broadway A. C., Butte, Mont.

Answers to Pupils.

E. F. G., Anaconda, Mont.—Use any weight bell that you can conveniently handle.

Josephs, Kansas City.—Whenever it is possible take a good rub-down and a bath when you have exercised so as to perspire.

E. F. Marshall, Glen Cove, L. I.—You can continue the five-pound exercises. They are always good.

J. G. G., Trenton, N. J.—You can get back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE for ten cents each. Better order at once as there are not many left.

Ed Smith, Oceanic, N. J.—With a wrestling partner you can learn all about the game by studying champion George Bothner's book. Price, 25 cents; this office.

C. H. Cheever, Camden, N. J.—It is a fact that I trained Sandow, and did more than any other man to make him what he is to-day.

JIM PARR THROWS BETZ.

In a great wrestling bout at the Lafayette Theatre, Buffalo, June 18, Jim Parr defeated Otto Betz, the Ashabula fisherman, by two bitterly earned falls in three. Parr simply had to fight for his life and reputation, and strained and twisted into bad positions; the British general seemed in absolute danger. Only his marvelous resourcefulness saved him and gave him ground on which to struggle while Betz was shaken off. Then Parr went back into the ruckion for his own hope and with both men wrestling, jerking and crushing each other all over the mat, at a second when either seemed eclipsed, Parr twisted out a victory which made the Lafayette patrons get up in their chairs and pronounce pandemonium over the battle.

The first fall went to Parr in thirty-one minutes, and he took the second and the match in twenty-four minutes.

Billy Michael, the featherweight champion, was the referee. Al Limerick kept time for Betz and Billy B. Van for Parr.

SIELOFF AND FAGIN DRAW.

Ten as clever rounds of boxing as have ever been seen in Indianapolis were witnessed recently at the Empire Theatre in the contest between Otto Sieloff and Henry Fagin. Referee Ryan called the bout a draw. Sieloff did most of the leading, but Fagin was ready to mix with his more scientific opponent whenever Sieloff started things, and Sieloff was continually avoiding the vicious swings and short-arm blows Fagin was always ready to land, for it was seldom he was not set. In fact, Fagin had a punch that was wicked and one of which it behooved his opponent to have a wholesome fear.

There was something of a shade in the minds of the spectators in Sieloff's favor in the ninth and tenth rounds, but while Sieloff led he also was in a hurry to get away when Fagin followed up his advances, and several times Sieloff tin-canned across the ring with his face and body so well guarded that nothing damaging could be handed out by his opponent.

Fagin was but two pounds heavier than Sieloff, but looked larger because of his chest development.

In the six-round semi-windup a surprise was offered the spectators in Eddie Stern, a Noblesville boxer, who got a draw decision with Jack Cullen. Cullen was

If you want to know all about wrestling you want Champion George Bothner's new book. Eighty full-page illustrations. Price, 25 cents; this office.

much more clever in long range work, but Stern had the better of it in the infighting and mixes.

Lawrence Clark would have finished "Kid" Hendrickson had the bout gone more than four rounds. He had some difficulty in the first two rounds in stopping Hendrickson's rushes, but he was easily the more clever boxer of the two and his straight jabs soon wore Hendrickson down.

"Poodle" Sellars came near meeting his Waterloo in the preliminary bout with "Kid" Enoch. It was an even up go, however, and a draw decision given.

JAMES OF CITY EMPLOYEES.

The Association of Civil Employees will hold their annual athletic games, under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, Aug. 1.

The events which are attracting most interest are those in which the firemen, policemen and uniformed members of the post office department will compete.

BOXING IN 'FRISCO.

Jack Welch, who met George Murray in the main event before the San Francisco A. C. recently, after trying to find his opponent for two rounds decided that prospecting wasn't what it is cracked up to be, and in the third went to the floor and stayed down until his seconds threw up the sponge. Harry McCloud made Joe Troy quit in the second round after a lop-sided go. Jesse Marshall and Wesley Badger were afraid to go near one another, but when they did close in once Marshall swung a wild right and knocked his man out. It lasted only one round.

Joe Podesta and W. Howard put up a hot go which went the limit. It was give and take all the way and

showed to advantage and shook McFadden up considerably.

In the first preliminary Young Fitz stopped Young Flannagan in four rounds. In the next bout Jack O'Brien defeated Joe Hunter in six rounds. Tim Murphy was referee.

YALE BIRDS BEAT HARVARD.

Yale and Harvard oarsmen and their camp followers met in the woods back of Gale's Ferry, near New London, Conn., recently, and witnessed the annual cocking main between the birds of their respective colleges. There were two fights and Yale won both.

Last year the oarsmen and the followers were lucky in eluding the vigilance of the local agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but the participants this time had a narrow escape from prosecution, as a lawyer of New London and an active agent of the Cruelty Society was on the track of the college men. He arrived a few minutes too late to see the fight.

The birds brought to the pit by the Crinison men had journeyed all the way from Boston town, but the victors were purchased by the Yale freshmen from a farmer in Montville, who has a national reputation for his game stock.

As there are no village constables to answer an alarm and no police station to receive prisoners, the good people of Gale's Ferry could do nothing while the battles raged.

CARTER COULDN'T KNOCK GRIM.

"Kid" Carter made a disappointing showing in his contest with Joe Grim before the Southern A. C., Philadelphia, on June 22. It was generally expected that



THE RICHARD K. FOX PHYSICAL CULTURE CLUB NO. 1.

Well-Known Brooklynites Who Have Become Enthusiastic Over Attila's Series of Articles.

the decision was on the half-line order. Jack Grey won a decision from Billy Donahue in a four-round slugging match. Mike Sinfy knocked Jack Adams out in the fourth round of a good bout. Adams was game to the core, going down four times in the third round and coming back for more in the last. "Kid" Parker had his frontispiece mashed up a little more by Joe Reilly. They made an even break of their fight until the fourth round, when Reilly shot out a right, and it was "good night" with the "Kid."

FORBES AND DOUGHERTY DRAW.

Harry Forbes, the bantamweight champion, didn't do as well in his bout with Danny Dougherty before the National A. C., at Philadelphia, June 22, as the sports expected. The impression prevailed that the great little fighter from Chicago would knock out the local man inside of the limit of six rounds. He not only failed to come up to expectations, but the best he got was a draw, and at that Dougherty did more than his share of the leading and landed several blows which made Forbes' head rock.

In the first round Forbes got in a right-hander to the jaw, which staggered the local lad, and the crowd yelled in satisfaction. It looked as though the champion would perform the expected trick. It was the end of their joy, however, for after that Forbes contented himself with trying for solar plexus blows, which failed to connect. The champion seemed to work under a pull through the second, third, fourth and fifth rounds. He did not wake up until a minute before the bell sounded announcing the end of the battle, when Forbes got in a couple of straight rights to the jaw, and Danny was in a bad way at the finish. It is said the men will meet in a fifteen-round bout in the West at a future date.

The men have met twice before, Forbes winning in two rounds each time. Forbes won the title from Dougherty.

"KID" M'FADDEN BEATS GILMAN.

"Kid" McFadden, of California, the sparring partner of Young Corbett, was given the decision over Harry Gilman in eight rounds at the Sarsfield Club, Boston, recently. Jack Sweeney, of New York, was to have been McFadden's opponent, but flunked out of the match and Gilman took his place at short notice. Considering the poor condition he was in, Gilman did well to last to the limit of the bout. He received considerable punishment and he showed great gameness.

McFadden was the aggressor from the start and he kept sending the left and right to face, jaw and body at a rapid rate. Early in the bout Gilman surprised the members by nearly sending McFadden to the floor with a right cross on the jaw. In the seventh he again

Carter would knock his man out in three or four rounds, but he failed to show up to expectations, and Grim was on his feet when the six rounds were over.

Carter did all the fighting, and Grim did not land a dozen clean blows during the contest. He proved his gameness and took a good grueling. Carter was very wild, and his judgment of distance was poor, but he landed many hard wallops on Grim's stomach and ribs.

When the men shook hands Grim assumed defensive tactics and ran around the ring in the most clownish fashion. Carter chased him from corner to corner, swinging both hands wildly and doing little damage for the first three rounds.

In the fourth he waded in to Grim and punched him all around the ring, bringing the blood from his mouth and nose with a stiff right hander. In the fifth he tried hard to knock his opponent out, but only succeeded in sending him to the floor twice with swings to the neck.

Grim was also knocked down in the sixth round, but was strong at the finish. The fight was all Carter's, but his failure to knock Grim out surprised ring followers.

Our Halftone Photos.

On another page will be seen a halftone reproduction of the popular Sunflower saloon, a prosperous cafe at Evansville, Ind. Asa Buchenberger, the genial proprietor, is well liked throughout the city, and has a host of friends, some of whom have taken this occasion to show their approval of him as a jolly good fellow.

Jack Jeremiah, the five-year-old son of Reese Jeremiah, an athletic enthusiast of Shamokin, Pa., is one of the cleverest lads for his age in the State when it comes to boxing, which art his father and others skilled with the gloves taught him. He is the monarch and envy of the boys of the town. He has appeared in several public glove contests there with boys older than himself and was victorious.

The barbers and bartenders of Davenport, Ia., have played ball for the past three years. The barbers won the first game, the bartenders took the second and recently the championship game was played and won by the bartenders. The players for the bartenders are: Henry Eggers umpire; John Heeney 3b; John Baumann 1b; John Mok rf; John Barofsky 3b; B. E. Binder substitute; William Johnson lb; Clarence Hibbard c; "Buck" Timothy ss; Otto Binder 2b; Peter O'Shaughnessy cf.

The training methods of Bob Fitzsimmons are unique. He tells how he works in the new "Police Gazette Boxing Book." Price, 25 cents.

SHAMROCK III. is Here to Race for the America's Cup---For Previous Records See Sporting Annual, 10c.



THOUGHT SHE SAW A SEA SERPENT.

A BARREL BOBBING AROUND IN THE SURF AT BAR HARBOR, ME., GIVES A HANDSOME MAN A CHANCE TO MAKE A RESCUE.



A LITTLE SHOCK FOR DOLLIE.

A PRETTY TELEPHONE GIRL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK., GETS UP AGAINST A CROSS WIRE AND GOES OUT OF BUSINESS FOR A FEW HOURS.

FRIENDS NOT SATISFIED

—CORBETT TRAINING HARD FOR THE BIG MILL—

WITH JEFF'S CONDITION

Champion's Mode of Living Leaves Much to be Desired in His Present Physical Make-up.

YOUNG JACKSON SHOULD HAVE BEATEN WALCOTT.

Aurelia Herrera Now Wants to Fight Young Corbett—Parson Davies' Good Opinion of Him—Gossip and Small Talk.

If determination and careful attention to training prove to be factors in the forthcoming fight for the heavyweight championship, then Jim Corbett's expectation of beating Jeffries will be more than realized. That he will enter the ring on Aug. 15 fit to make the battle of his life, there is no question. He thinks he can win, and realizing that it is his last chance to redeem himself, he purposes to make the most of his opportunity. Already he has been at work for nearly a month and he shows improvement. Corbett, in a letter received the other day, writes very freely of his chances and told of his training plans. He said: "I now weigh about 185 pounds, but expect to enter the ring at 190. I am working a new plan. Instead of training down my training consists of building up muscles. I shall gain weight slowly but steadily from now until the fight. My road work consists of a walk at a good stiff pace for ten or twelve miles. I don't tire myself out by a long run to reduce weight, and, in fact, I never break out of a good, fast walk."

"I use the swinging rings in the open air a good deal and put in much time on the mat. I have adopted a system of physical culture exercises which are doing wonders to build muscles and increase my wind. My chest expansion has been increased four inches by following this plan. Every day I box three fast rounds each with Sam Berger and Yank Kenny. Later I shall add rowing to my list of exercises."

Corbett freely admits that he is not as fast as he was as a youngster, but declares that he can hit much better than he ever could before. Yank Kenny gives convincing testimony as to the force of Corbett's blows when he shows his cut lip and damaged nose, both of which are due to them. The one-time champion is certainly devoting himself to work. He resists all attempts to induce him to spend his evenings in the city.

Jeffries has decided to change his training quarters and is located at Harbin Springs, where he trained for Fitzsimmons. The big fellow yearns for retirement and concluded to seek the quiet of a country resort rather than to endure the gaze of thousands that would be thrown upon him were he to work at the picnic grounds near the city.

Jeffries will be assisted in his preparations by Fitzsimmons, Joe Kennedy, the California heavyweight;

continued, "whereas to-day he is big and flabby. He stands no longer erect, but has a habit of stooping over. These are bad signs."

It is known for a fact that the big fellow has not been living the most abstemious life since his recent victory over Fitzsimmons, and if he has weakened himself by excesses it is not a remote possibility that Corbett will beat him.

It looks quite as if Al Herford had at last found a companion piece and a successor to his time-honored meal ticket, Joe Gans, in the person of Young Peter Jackson. According to all reports the dusky namesake of the great Australian champion put the hot wallop to Joe Walcott the other night in a manner which in the estimation of eye witnesses would have justified any referee in turning over the cake to him, but Mr. Nell, of San Francisco, who officiated on this occasion, was actuated by too keen a sense of fairness to discriminate on fine lines and called it a draw, and that is why another champion is not now resting under Herford's protecting wing.

To any unprejudiced observer of the fray it was apparent that Jackson had the Barbadoes Demon going and that the limit stipulated in the articles was all that prevented the Baltimore boy from writing welterweight champion of the world after his name at the finish.

Before the men entered the ring Herford made a hard plea to have the limit extended to twenty-five rounds, but Walcott would not stand for this, insisting that so far as he was concerned the agreement had been for a twenty-round go, and twenty rounds it would have to be. It was evidently a wise decision on the champion's part, as nothing but a miracle could have kept him in the game under the terrible punishment he was receiving at the hands of his opponent when the gong sounded for the finish.

It was apparent that Jackson's ring generalship outclasses Walcott's. The latter was allowed to do all the fancy stepping and fiddling that he liked, and the champion's habit of punching in the head, acquired from his fighting with white folks, was humored to the extreme. The result of all this was the ultimate exhaustion of the Boston boy, while the Baltimore lad was strong for a finish, with apparently more steam in his boiler than when the mill began.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth rounds the crowd was howling wildly for Jackson, and taken collectively there was no manner of doubt that the opinion was all to the effect that it was the Baltimore boy's fight. The announcement that it was a draw naturally dampened the enthusiasm and the general feeling at first was that Jackson had been done.

It is customary for a manager who happens to have a Leuten fighter on his hands, to indulge in a series of "knocks" against the fellow who was fortunate enough to do the trick; discounting his usefulness as a fighter, and attributing his victory to luck, or some unfortunate happening which militated against the chances of his own man to win. "Parson" Davies is one of the few men who don't believe in boosting a Leuten man at the expense of his more successful rival. Davies, it will be remembered, recently took "Kid" Broad to Butte, Mont., to fight Aurelia Herrera, the Mexican who was considered at one time good enough to win the featherweight championship from Terry McGovern. The latter convinced him to the contrary, but, however, that's a different story. At any rate, Broad was more decisively beaten by Herrera than ever before in his career. The latter did what Young Corbett, Terry McGovern, Dave Sullivan and the whole fleet of hard-hitting featherweights failed to do to Broad—he knocked him out. Davies, writing to me after the fight, said:

"My man was fairly whipped, and the Mexican is a wonderful fighter. I was astonished at his showing, and he is entitled to meet some of the best ones successfully."

"He has a peculiar guard which few fighters could use successfully, but he can and does, and the way he gets out of it into that quick and powerful punch is remarkable. Perhaps a quicker man than Broad might solve a way to get him, but he can take a beating, I imagine, and I expect to hear from him in the future."

It would be surprising indeed if Aurelia Herrera's victory over "Kid" Broad were permitted to pass into history with an effort being made to use it as a wedge to open the way for a battle with either Young Corbett or Terry McGovern. No chance of such a thing happening, however, with Biddy Bishop at the helm steering the Mexican's bark through the turbulent pugilistic sea. The challenge therefore reads as follows:

BUTTE, Mont., June 19, 1903.

Aurelia Herrera's knockout of "Kid" Broad entitles him to a match with the best men in his class and I stand ready to back him against Terry McGovern or Young Corbett for \$5,000 a side. This is business pure and simple. Herrera is really the heaviest backed pugilist in America to-day, and the minute Young Corbett or Terry McGovern show an inclination to do

Shamrock III. is here for another yacht race for the cup. Previous races are in the Police Gazette Sporting Annual. 10 cents.

business with him the money will be ready. As to weight he will do any poundage for the champion that he wishes. I will make it just to suit his fancy and will cut the gate money to suit him, too. I have several matches in view for Herrera, chief among them being Young Mowatt and the winner of the Yanger-Hanlon contest. Very truly yours, BIDDY BISHOP.

Another good match is on the tapis. Martin Duffy and "Rube" Ferns have been matched to fight twenty rounds under the auspices of the International A. C., of Fort Erie, on July 14. The men are to weigh 145 pounds at 3 o'clock and are to fight for 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. The pair met at Louisville a short time ago at 142 pounds, Duffy winning with a knockout in the thirteenth round.

Reluctant as he seems to be to do it, it looks as if Tommy Ryan would be compelled to give up the fighting game. He is now in a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., suffering from the effects of a bad stomach, which has undermined his whole nervous system. The champion had a minor bout on with a Wisconsin boxer, but he was unable to any longer stand even the lightest training, and was taken to Battle Creek in a weakened and highly nervous condition. Under treatment and the quiet surroundings Ryan has greatly improved, and hopes to take up his work as instructor of a St. Louis athletic club by fall, but does not intend to engage in any ring battles for some time.

Ryan has been troubled with a weak stomach for nearly a year. Much time has been spent at West Baden and Hot Springs trying to find relief, but there was not much improvement, and grave fears were felt among his friends that he would be kept out of the ring for some time, if not permanently.

A telegram from Butte, Mont., says that Al Herford is vehement in declaring that Young Peter Jackson got the short end of the decision in his recent fight with Joe Walcott, and says if he cannot force another fight between Jackson and Walcott he will let Joe Gans meet Walcott if the big negro will make the same weight he made for "Kid" Lavigne.

Go slow, Alie!

The victory of Harry Forbes over Danny Dougherty in Philadelphia the other night gives the champion bantamweight a clear title to the bantamweight championship. While the laws governing boxing at the Quaker city did not allow the giving of a decision to Forbes the champion's showing against the man to whom Terry McGovern surrendered the bantamweight title removes all doubt as to Forbes' superiority. In all the previous encounters between Forbes and Dougherty, Forbes carried off the honors, and his last victory makes him the undoubted champion in his class.

Patrons of boxing bouts in New York city, during the halcyon days of the Horton law, will remember Percy McIntyre, of Brooklyn, who was probably the toughest proposition of his size in the prize ring. He wasn't christened "Percy," but those who know him, with that fine sense of humor which frequently obtains among ring followers, named him "Percy," because the name is such a misfit.

McIntyre always kept talking to himself when he took his corner in a fight. One night in the Hercules A. C., in Brooklyn, John L. Sullivan was watching the little fellow in the angle between the bells.

"What's that kid mumbaling about?" demanded Sullivan. "Is he scared?"

"Oh, no," replied Charley White, who was the referee, "he's saying his prayers. He always prays to win when he's in his corner."

Clark Ball, who has been successful in boosting big Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, into a position of pugilistic prominence, was a visitor to the POLICE GAZETTE office the other day. He has brought the big miner back to Gotham and the latter is again talking fight with Tom Sharkey. Munroe has been out West for some weeks visiting friends.

Ball has been busy trying to fix up a match between him and Sharkey, to take place at Butte, Mont.

Munroe says he is ready to enter the ring just as soon as he receives suitable inducements to meet Sharkey or some other good man. In speaking of his plans Munroe said:

"There is not a great deal of money in the game just now, and unless you meet a good man you might just as well keep quiet. I am anxious to fight Sharkey, and I am waiting patiently for some club to pull the match off. The rest I have taken has done me considerable good, and I think that I am better off just now than ever before."

SAM AUSTIN.

COLE PUNISHED KELLY BADLY.

The arena of the Broadway A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., was packed to the doors on June 25, when George Cole, the colored welterweight, met Cyclone Kelly in a fast six-round contest in which Cole was the aggressor. Kelly proved that he was a glutton for punishment, for during the last two rounds he was severely punished, but gamely fought back and managed to last the limit.

The semi-windup ended with honors even, with Jack Sullivan and Fred McFadden as principals. Mac came within an ace of making the bout short and sweet, for in the opening round he landed a terrific right-hand swing on Sullivan's jaw that sent the latter staggering up against the ropes. Stars certainly must have appeared in front of Sullivan's eyes for a moment or two, in fact, he was bewildered, but Mac failed to follow up his advantage, and in a short time Sullivan was giving as good as he received until the finish, and had a decision been given a draw would have been just.

BOYLE HAD SHADE THE BEST.

Dave Sullivan faced Cockey Boyle in a six-round bout before the Central Club, at Philadelphia, on June 26. Sullivan adopted bulldog tactics, and tried hard to land a knockout. Boyle used his usual style of jabbing and had Sullivan bleeding from the nose and mouth, which greatly angered him. Dave got home twice on Boyle's face, but the Germantown boxer returned two blows for one. At one time Boyle landed five jabs on the nose in succession without receiving a blow in return. Boyle held Sullivan's glove and the Irish-American smashed his man twice hard in the face.

Boyle lost his temper, and for a time forgot his habitual caution and Sullivan got home several times with telling blows. In the fifth round Sullivan forced the fighting and had Boyle worried, but the local man was too clever to get into any serious trouble. In the last round Sullivan was wild and tried hard to land a knockout blow, but failed.

HARRY HARRIS MAY BOX AGAIN

Clever Little Chicagoan Who Wants to be a Champion.

BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 25.

The innocuous desuetude of a business career has begun to pall on Harry Harris, and it is not beyond the confines of possibility that he will ere long break away from the inactive life to resume his career in the ring. Since his retirement from the arena the little Chicago boxer, who once had the distinction of beating "Pedlar" Palmer, the pride of English sportsmen, has been



HARRY HARRIS.

connected in a business capacity at the Broadway Theatre, New York, under the direction of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, and has been quite as successful in that field of endeavor as he was in the ring, but despite this the tempting possibility of some day winning the title of featherweight champion of the world is said to be the bait which he finds it difficult to resist.

Everybody will concede the fact that Harris is one of the most clever boxers ever developed in the Middle West. He patterns himself after "Kid" McCoy, that foxiest of fighters, and is prouder of the fact that he has absorbed the famous "Kid's" cleverness than of any and all his victories. Harris has perfected to the greatest extent the destructive qualities of the McCoy "punch." He can hit harder than many a middleweight ever thought of hitting. He has studied the McCoy methods until he can cut his man as effectively with a blow as can the "Kid" himself.

It was while fighting in the West a few years ago that Harris met "Kid" McCoy. The middleweight took a fancy to his small prototype, invited him to join his training camp, and proceeded to instruct him in all the fine points of the game. Harris absorbed all the pointers given him, and soon became as formidable as a "Kid" McCoy built on lesser lines. After beating most of the good boys of his weight in Chicago and surrounding cities, Harris headed for England. Once on British soil, where he could be seen and sized up by the various managers, Harris was buried in challenges. His gentlemanly look was deceptive to eyes accustomed to judging a fighter by the toughness of his appearance. Harris fought Pedlar Palmer. To tell the story of that fight in his own words:

"When the fight began Palmer made me look like thirty cents. He had that trick that all the best of the English fighters have of rolling or jerking his head aside to avoid a blow. For a round or two I couldn't hit him, and he grinned at me like a clown in a circus. But after a few minutes of fighting I studied out his trick and found a way to land in spite of it. There is where an American fighter differs from the English article. In England they learn a trick and try to get it down as fine as possible. They all picked that out as a good trick, and I suppose nobody ever took the trouble to work out a way to beat it. Over here any good man would have done as I did, and have made that head rolling dangerous instead of confusing."

"At any rate, I got the combination and then I gave him a punch that knocked him down. If the bell had not rung about that time he would never have gotten up again. But he was game. In the next round he came back and fought as hard as he could. Palmer is a very pretty boxer and as game as any man needs to be. I knocked him down five times in the fourth round, and repeated the dose in the ninth and the thirteenth, winning the fight without any difficulty in the fifteen rounds."

Since coming back to America, before his temporary retirement from the ring, Harris fought draws with Austin Rice and Danny Dougherty. Before that he won fights from such men as Casper Leon, Buddy Ryan, "Kid" Abel and many others in the same class. His only defeat during his last two years of fighting, or after being taken under the wing of McCoy, was at the hands of Clarence Forbes, in Chicago, who won a decision at the end of a six-round bout.

Next week—"SPIKE" SULLIVAN.

If you send \$1 to this office you will receive the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and book on the art of wrestling that is up to date and fully worth 50 cents.



KID EVERETT.

He is Open to Meet any 115-pound Boxer in America. Address answers to Police Gazette.

Jack Jeffries, his brother, and Billy Delaney. Kennedy and his brother will do the bulk of the boxing with him, while Fitzsimmons will do the road work and also occasionally don the gloves. Jeffries weighs at present 240 pounds stripped, and intends to enter the ring on the night of the fight weighing not more than 215 pounds.

While most of the boiler-maker's friends think he is in good condition, there are a number who are of the opinion that he is already on the decline. One of them, in speaking the other day, stated that Jeff is not near so good as he was four years ago.

"He was rugged and comparatively spare then," he

THE BEST BOOK ON WRESTLING is by GEO. BOTHNER, Now Ready, Price 25 Cents. This Office

CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR

SPREADING INFORMATION

If You Desire Knowledge Upon Any Subject Appertaining to Cards, Sport, Etc., Write to Us.

A GREAT WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Our Readers Are Cheerfully Replied To—Ask Us Any Question You Wish—We Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

Jos. Sola, New York.—Photograph will be used.
Pool, Philadelphia, Pa.—Never heard of the game.
F. H. K., Jacksonville, Fla.—Elkes and Walthour were rated pretty close together.

C. A. L., Dayton, O.—Who holds the one mile thoroughbred record?.....Salvator.

J. W., Baltimore, Md.—We would like to know the nationality of Captain Barr?.....American.

W. A. H., Bisbee, Ariz.—Let me know how many rounds Sullivan and Kilrain fought?.....Seventy-five.

J. G., Cincinnati, O.—What is the meaning of *E Pluribus Unum*, on a silver dollar?.....One composed of many.

Sergt. E. F., Fort Robinson, Neb.—Write Dan Saunders, sporting editor, *Globe*, Boston, Mass., for full particulars.

Subscriber, Soldiers Home, Cal.—Send ten cents for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing records of all kinds.

M. C. B., Du Quoin, Ill.—Where could I obtain some full-blooded fighting game chickens as close here as possible?.....In Chicago.

H. P. H., Erie, Pa.—Give me the racing dates for the runners in and around New York?.....Write to Secretary of Jockey Club, New York City.

H. A. B., South Bend, Ind.—In playing a game of pitch of eleven points; A is ten; B is nine, bids two and gets trump; A holds high, ace; who wins?.....A wins.

E. M., Cleveland, O.—W bet C that when a man is found revoking in a game of seven-up his adversary is entitled to bunch the hand or rub four points?.....Can rub four.

C. L. S., New Orleans.—A, B, C and D playing pitch, seven points out; B is six points; C has six; A deals; B bids two and makes low, Jack, game; C makes high. Who wins?.....C wins.

George Bothner, the lightweight champion wrestler of the world, has written a book on wrestling and posed for over seventy full-page pictures. The book is the best of its kind ever published, and is now ready. It teaches the science of the game and all the holds. Price, 25 cents, this office.

F. C., Fall River, Mass.—Auction pitch, nine up, bid to the board; A has one to go and B has three to go; A deals; B bids A three times; A has low; B makes three times. Who wins?.....A wins.

Nick, Brooklyn.—Bottle pool; A says if a player knocks over the bottle, into pocket, it is counted off the table and loses the game; B says bottle should be placed in centre of table?.....B is right.

C. B. C., New York.—Where was the benefit for Jack Dempsey held on June 8, 1895? Did John L. Sullivan spar with Dempsey on that occasion?.....1. Madison Square Garden. 2. Believe so.

R. W., El Paso.—A opens a Jack-pot with two jacks and a four-card flush and B raises him; A stays, buries his Jack and makes his flush; B has three aces; does A or B win the pot?.....A wins, of course.

Reader, Sharon, Pa.—What is the average weight of a fighter before starting to train who enters the ring at 122 pounds. What does McGovern weigh when not training for a fight?.....1. About 130. 2. About 135.

A. L., New York.—Auction pitch, bid to the board; S bets that the bid does not count on the dealer's score that the only points scored are from the cards as they are played; K bets S is wrong; who wins?.....S is right.

S. A., Lymanville, R. I.—A was two to go; B was one to go; A deals; B bids three and A pitches ace of hearts; B plays three spot of hearts, which is low; B bet A he is out; A claims he is out when he made high, Jack and game?.....B wins.

W. A., Troy.—Where did Sullivan and Corbett fight for the championship? How many times have Young Corbett and McGovern fought? Has Dan Creedon gone back to Australia?.....1. They fought at New Orleans. 2. Twice. 3. Yes.

J. C. C., South Butte, Mont.—Did Herrera use the crouching position when he fought McGovern? Is your decision authority on bets on sporting events? Would you refund money if decision was found different?.....1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No.

W. M. L., Chickasha, I. T.—Give me the address of a physical culture school west of the Missouri River? What was the age of Young Corbett when he fought his first fight?.....1. Cannot give gratuitous advertising. 2. Eighteen years old.

C. M., Granite, Mont.—What is a pin fall in wrestling? Could I obtain copies of all the wrestlers which you have supplements of?.....1. Must hold shoulders to the mat to constitute a pin fall. See "Police Gazette" book on wrestling. 2. Yes; twelve, \$1.

C. V. M., Cincinnati, O.—Two men are playing pinochle; A melds 20 spades and 40 Jacks, and later on in the draw discovers the other Jack of diamonds and queen of spades; can he mention 300 pinochle?.....If he has all the four cards he can meld 300.

O. K., Providence, R. I.—Auction pitch, bid to the board; A, B, C and D; A and C are partners; B and D are partners; A and C are two to go; B and D are one to go; D deals the cards; A bids three and makes high, Jack, game; D makes low; who goes out?.....B and D.

W. D., Neola, Ia.—In a four-handed game of seven-up, playing partners; both have eight; my partner and I beg and they give us one; they make high, Jack and game and we get low. Who wins? Can you count the gift before or after the hand is played?.....1. Low wins. 2. Before.

E. F. P., Westerly, R. I.—A is throwing the dice in a game of craps and has six for a point; he throws the dice two or three times and then bets B he comes and

when the man who was nine led his first card, which was an ace, the man who was ten played the deuce. Which of these players was out first?.....Man with deuce wins as one point puts him out.

N. E., Toronto, Can.—Where can I get a book on wrestling? What constitutes a royal flush in poker? Is Jim Jeffries a married man?.....1. Send 25 cents to this office. We have just issued a new book on wrestling by George Bothner, the lightweight champion. 2. Ten, Jack, queen, king and ace of any suit. 3. No.

H. A. H. N., Chicago.—Draw poker; Jack-pots; A deals; B opens the pot; C, D, E, F and A stay; B bets; C and D don't; E raises; F and A are handling the cards; B calls; B has three Jacks, E, three sevens; both show our hands; A claims the pot with three kings; A having no money in the pot, who wins?.....If A had not passed the bet, he has the right to call.

HE WAS THE CHAMPION TOUT.

"Touting is not what it used to be," said a well-known race track man who has not missed a race in twenty years, winter or summer, except when travelling from Chicago to New Orleans or San Francisco. "There was a time when a man who could pose as a jockey or owner or trainer could make a man bet his shirt on any old 'dog.' Sometimes these good things would win and then the tout got his bit, but more often they would fail to get inside the money and then the tout would be hard to find.

"The best I ever saw in the business was Army Scully, whose right name was George Scully. He hailed from Nashville, Tenn., and was known on every race track in the country. He died some years ago at his home in Shelbyville, Tenn. Up to the last minute he tried to tell his doctor he had a good thing and to bet all he could borrow, beg or steal on the hunch. The tip was that Scully would beat out death in the race then being run, but years of dissipation told

cross of red, green or blue. Then the piece of chalk was placed in another pocket and marked accordingly on the program. Army would then hunt up another 'angel' and tout him on some other horse with the same assurance that he 'couldn't lose.' Then the second man would be chalked. This would be kept up until Army had a man for every horse in the race; no matter which one won, he would win. Then he would disappear until after the race was run. As soon as the numbers were hung out he would make a canvass of the lines tack of the cashiers, looking for his chalk marks and get his bit as the winners cashed in.

"I have seen a hundred men on the trains going home from the races at Latonia, Louisville and Nashville with crosses of every color on their backs. This was one of the mysteries of the Southern tracks for months until finally it was discovered that Army Scully was responsible for the chalk marks. When his system was exposed his game in some respects was killed."

Sporting Photographs, if good, will be published in the Police Gazette free of charge.

LUTTBEG THROWS BRENNER.

The wrestling bout between Max Luttbeg, of St. Louis, and Max Brenner, of the Mott Haven A. C., at the New Polo A. C., 129th street and Park avenue, New York, on June 24, terminated in a row. Brenner and Luttbeg were to have met to a finish at catch-as-catch-can style. Luttbeg showed his superiority, using his rival as if he were a novice. Luttbeg secured a back hammer and put Brenner on both shoulders for a clean fall. The time was 3 minutes 21 seconds. After an intermission the contest was resumed. The St. Louis man was about to throw Brenner when the latter quit, saying that he would rather lose the match than have his arm broken. Just as Announcer Meeker told the crowd that Luttbeg was the victor one of Brenner's friends rushed at Luttbeg in an effort to strike him. Quick as a flash Luttbeg tripped his man and it looked as if a general mix-up would result when the officials of the club separated the men.

FISTIC ITEMS.

Tommy Felts was recently operated on in a St. Louis hospital.

Tim Hurst, the well-known referee, is running a bicycle track at Pittsburgh.

Jeff Thorne, the English boxer, will be boxing instructor at the Minneapolis A. C. next fall.

Butte, Mont., is a genuine mecca just now for pugilists, and most any good glove-pusher is well staked.

Nelson Innes, the well-known sporting writer, died recently in Denver, Col., a victim of consumption.

Warren Zurbrink is determined to get on another match with Frank Erne. Zurbrink holds to his assertion that Erne cannot defeat him.

"Kid" Broad has all kinds of respect for Herrera now. "That fellow is the hardest hitter of his weight in the country," says Broad, "and he can whip any of them—Britt, Gans or McGovern."

Sam Fitzpatrick, the manager of pugilists, who has handled some noted fighters in his time, is booming the interests of Con Coughlin, the Irish giant. Fitzpatrick wants to match Coughlin against any heavyweight in the country.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Seybold is undoubtedly the hardest hitter in the American League.

Meekin, the ex-league pitcher, is now umpiring in the Central League.

In all probability Manager Armour will now work Gus Dornier regularly upon the slab.

George Davis plays occasionally with the Woonsocket (R. I.) "Gyms" for a tidy retainer per game.

Davis, the Altoona outfielder, whom Pittsburg was reported to have signed, is free to go anywhere he pleases.

Some of the New York papers are roasting Outfielder Browne. The latter is certainly a punk fielder, but he can bat and run.

Billy Keeler can be depended upon to hit with the best of them before season is over. He has hit the ball to good advantage of late.

President Johnson disciplined the men who were mixed up in the disgraceful affair at the St. Louis American League grounds recently.

O'Brien, of the Boston Americans, has made seven doubles and not a misplay since early in the spring, when he was marked with one error.

Lajole has not only recovered from his long siege of illness, but the Cleveland fans claim that he is playing better ball than ever before in his career.

Captain Comiskey has presented each manjack among the White Sox with an order for a \$50 suit of clothes in appreciation of a victory at Cleveland.

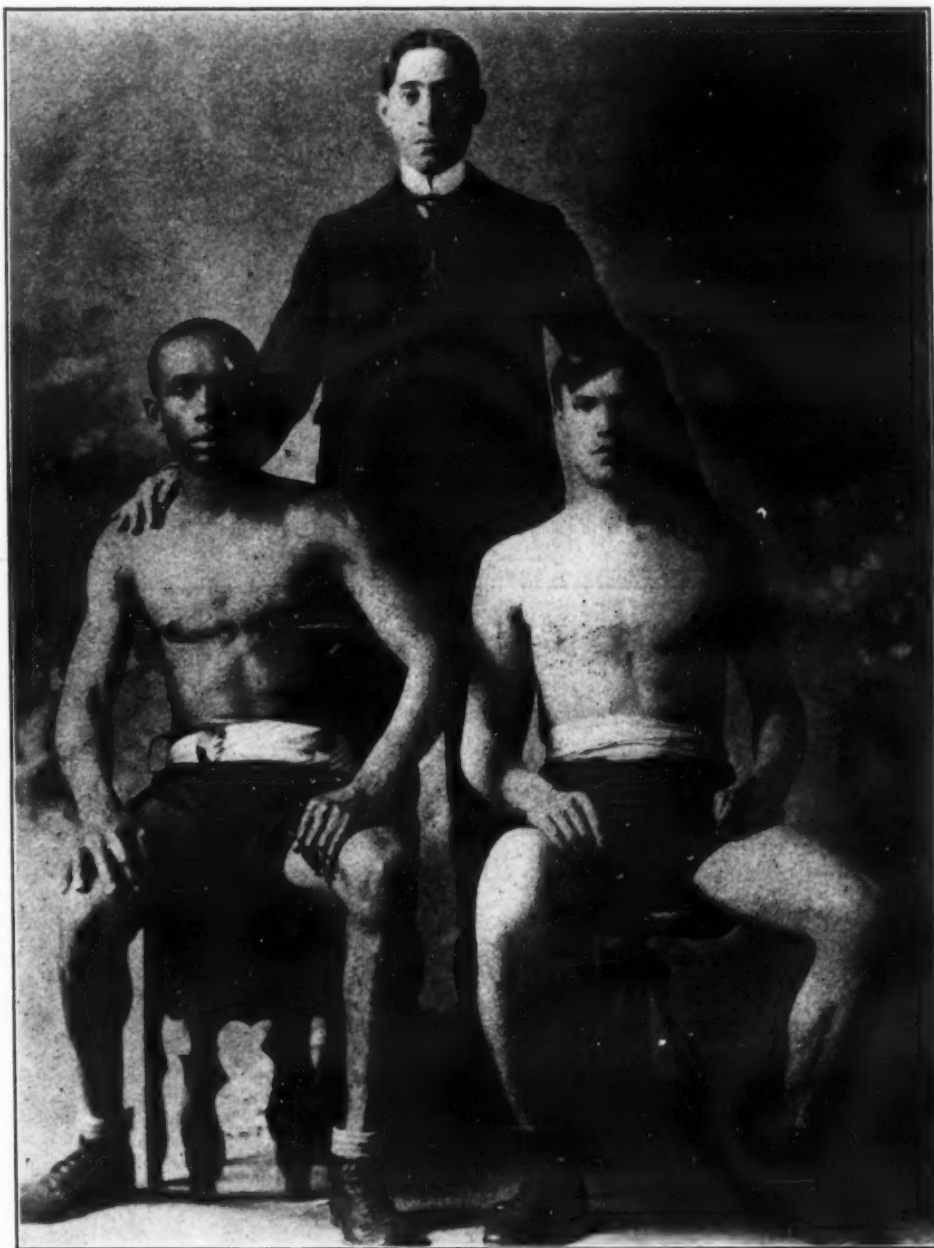
Sheckard is evidently out for the heavy hitting honors of Brooklyn. He has made two home runs since the record of the sluggers of the League was published.

Eugene Demontreville, second baseman of the Washington American League team, has been unconditionally released. Demontreville has been ill since early in the season.

It is reported that the Polo Grounds and Manhattan Field will be made into one large field next season, and that a grand stand will be erected, which will make the Cincinnati "Palace of the Fans" pale into insignificance.

After having seen most of the National League magnates personally, President Pulliam announced that he was prepared to say definitely that there would be no amalgamation of the two leagues, and that the National League would begin the season of 1904 with the same circuit.

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.



BUDDY KING, JOE LUCAS AND KID ARNOLD.

Lucas, who is a well-known Chicagoan, is King's Manager, and He Believes He Has in Him a Future Champion.

throws the dice out and makes six; that wins the money on the board, six being his point, and leaves six for his come bet; he then throws the dice for a new point and makes seven; does that lose the come bet?.....When he threw the seven he lost his come bet.

Charley Jenkins, Cairo, Egypt.—1. Write to Barnum and Bailey, care of *New York Clipper*. 2. Prof. Attila, New York City, can inform you about all celebrated gymnasts. 3. Paris, London or Berlin can supply you. 4. No such paper. 5. Never heard who invented it.

E. A., Pittsburg.—Where is Davis, who formerly played with Pittsburg, playing this season? Is Donovan, who is now managing the St. Louis team, the same man that formerly was with Pittsburg?.....1. Davis is playing with the New York American League Team. 2. Yes.

T. K., Portland, Ore.—What has become of Jack Munroe, who was matched to fight Tom Sharkey? Was "Kid" Lavigne ever lightweight champion of the world? Who is the most scientific boxer in the world?.....1. Munroe is in New York City. 2. Yes. 3. Corbett, in our opinion.

C. A. B., Magnolia, Ark.—Pitch; one man is nine and another ten; we are playing for eleven points; the man who is nine bid three times and made his three, but the man who was ten held deuce of trumps and

Got a Good Dog? Then have his photograph taken and sent to this office for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE.

on the professional tout when the 'pinch' came, and he ran second in the great handicap.

"Probably the best friends Scully had were Dick and Charley Thompson, owners of Sidney Lucas, the 1900 Derby winner. These boys were raised along with Scully in Nashville, and they never failed to help him when he was in hard luck. Scully appreciated this, for even though he had only one hand he was always ready to mix it with anyone who dared speak ill of either of the Thompson boys. Scully lost his left hand at the wrist in a poker game in Mexico. He was in with a bad gang when something went wrong and Scully grabbed for the Jack-pot. He not only lost the pot, but his hand as well, for that member was shot off almost completely, and he was lucky to escape with his life. From that time on Scully took the name of 'Army' Scully and became a professional tout.

"Army" used the chalk system entirely and was the only man who ever made a success of it. Dressed faultlessly, and with every appearance of a gentleman, he commanded more than ordinary attention. In his pockets he carried a dozen pieces of chalk of various colors. He never carried two pieces alike for fear he might make a mistake. He would pick out a man who looked like 'ready money,' make his acquaintance, and finally, after feeling out his new friend, would pat him on the back with his good right hand, while with the stub arm he would point to the betting blackboards and show the man the horse that 'couldn't lose.'

"Just as soon as the man promised to bet on the good thing Army would chalk him on the back with a



Photo by Klein & Guttenslein: Milwaukee.

HUGHEY M'PADDEN.

A BROOKLYN BOXER WHO IS ALWAYS
READY FOR A FIGHT.



Photo by Knight: Worcester.

JACK SMITH.

HARD-HITTING FEATHERWEIGHT
OF WORCESTER, MASS.



Photo by Schneider: Chicago.

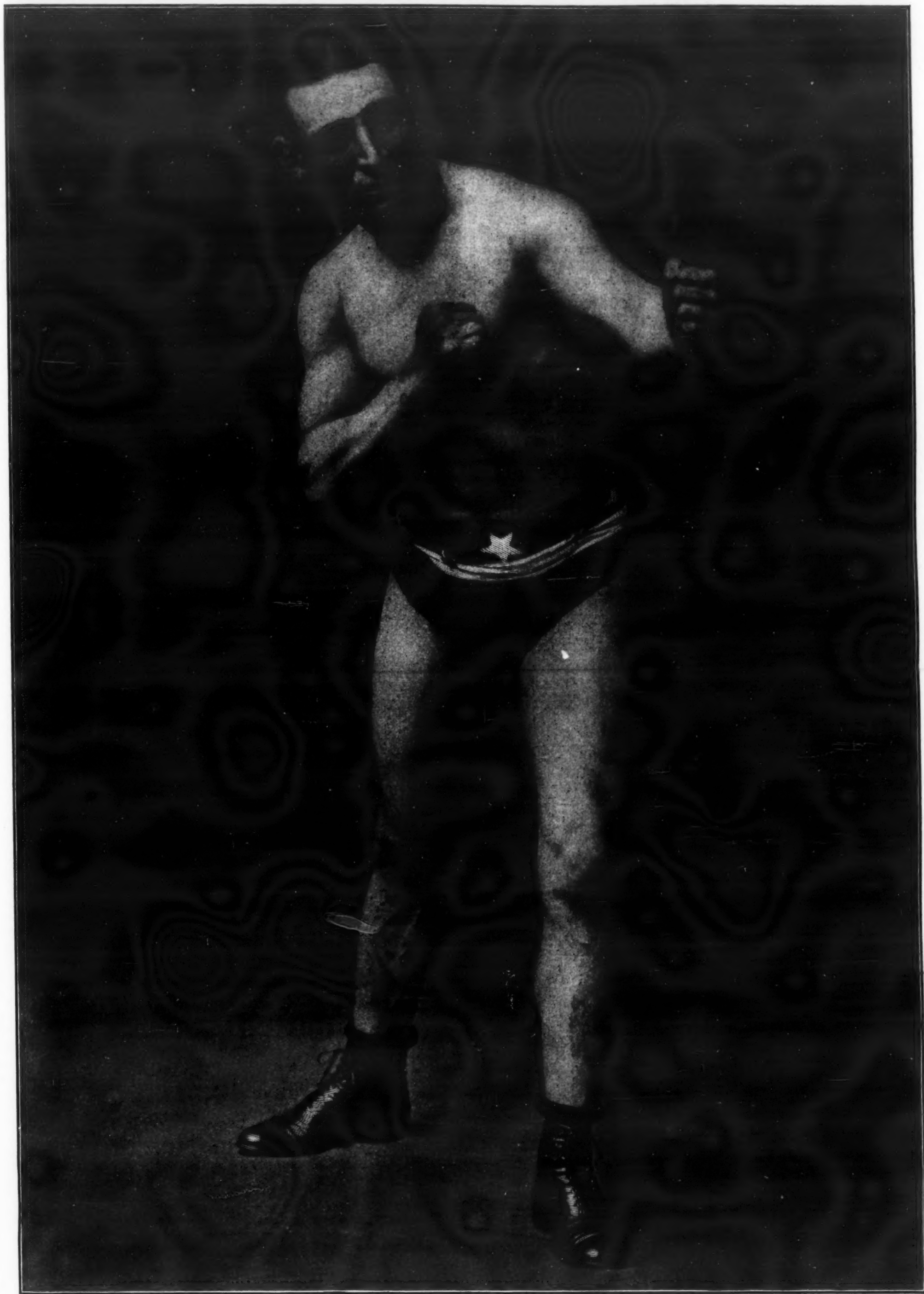
JACK ROBERTS.

UNDEFEATED 110-POUND BOXER OF CHICAGO,
WHO ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



THEY ARE ALL GREAT RIDERS.

MEMBERS OF TROOP H, SEVENTH CAVALRY, WHO RECENTLY ENTERTAINED JEFFRIES AND FITZSIMMONS
WITH AN EXHIBITION AT THEIR QUARTERS AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK, GA.



CHARLEY BURNS.

WELL-KNOWN WELTERWEIGHT BOXER OF CINCINNATI WHO RECENTLY SHOT HIMSELF
TO AVOID ARREST, IN WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.

AN ATHLETIC DRINK MIXER

If You Have a Good Photograph of Yourself Send It Along.



Robert J. Foley, of Halifax, N. S., as well as being an expert drink mixer is an athlete of ability, being a clever boxer, gymnast and sprinter, with a record of 10-1-5 seconds for 100 yards. He is a fine boxer, having participated in twenty-four battles and never met defeat, always meeting men heavier than himself. Mr. Foley is a favorite with the boys.

GOLD MEDALS FOR BARTENDERS

In the first place if you have a good photograph of yourself send it in for publication in this column. A full length or a half length picture is preferred, and if you have one taken specially for the purpose it might make a better picture if you posed for it just as you look behind the bar.

Now about that new contest. There is no use in telling about those medals again. You ought to know what they are by this time. There are three of them and they are well worth trying for.

Here is what they are worth:

- First Prize—\$75.00 Gold Medal.
- Second Prize—\$50.00 Gold Medal.
- Third Prize—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Now you go ahead and send in a recipe for some new kind of a drink.

See what you can do about it. Get in line as soon as possible. All recipes sent in will be published in this column in the order in which they are received, together with the inventor's name and address.

We have a great many on hand now, left over from the previous contest, but they will all be printed.

It doesn't make any difference where you are employed; so long as you are a bartender you are eligible in this contest.

If you are a hotel keeper you can also try. If you own a saloon you can see what you can do in the way of new recipes.

We want to make this competition greater than the previous ones—they were successful enough for thousands of recipes came in—but we want this to be a record breaker.

So write out your recipes as soon as you can and mail them in.

Don't wait.

If there is anything you are in doubt about write and your letter will be answered at once.

If you don't get the POLICE GAZETTE regularly you ought to, on account of the recipes which are published every week. If you send \$1.00 we will mail it to you for thirteen weeks and give you as a premium a fine bartender's guide or George Bothner's new book on wrestling.

Send for our list of premiums anyhow. You might as well avail yourself of the opportunity to get a great sporting library free.

PRINCE HENRY PUNCH.

(By James S. Wertz, 217 Fifth Ave., McKeesport, Pa.)

Fill mixing glass with shaved ice; juice of half a lime, leaving lime in glass; one pony of Medford rum; two dashes of Raspberry syrup; one pony of Chartreuse green; stir well; fill with soda; dress with fruit; serve in same glass with straw.

BANKER'S PUNCH.

(By Francis Andreu, Head Barkeeper, Lynn's Algonquin, St. Augustine, Fla.)

One teaspoonful of sugar; two or three dashes of lime or lemon juice (lime preferred); one or two dashes of Maraschino; one jigger of Vermouth; one and one-half jiggers whiskey (rye or Bourbon); use lemonade glass and fill with cracked ice; use a shaker; decorate with fruits of the season—berries, cherries, oranges or pineapple; twist a sprig of mint and let it drop on top of the glass; serve with straws.

"DRINK ONLY THE PUREST"

Fine Old
Ky. Taylor
Whiskey.

Send name and address for
"Receipts for Making Popular
Drinks."—Free.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR,
DISTILLERS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

DELLA FOX.

(By George Price, Hotel Kerfoot Bar, El Reno, Okla.)

Use mixing glass half full of shaved ice; one wine glass of sherry; three dashes of orange bitters; white of one egg; shake well and strain into long toddy glass.

PANAMA FIZZ.

(By John Herbert, American Restaurant, State and Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Mixing glass, half full of shaved ice; table-spoonful of sugar; juice of half lemon; white of one egg; one-half jigger of Sloe gin; one-half jigger of French Vermouth; two dashes Boonekamp Bitters; shake well and strain into fizz glass; fill with seltzer and serve.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable
polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keepers Friend

lasts, it will shine and it benefits all metals, minerals of
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for George
William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SPORTING.

H. C. EVANS & CO.

Originators of all electrical sporting goods.
Imitated by all, equalled by none. Route
letter wheels complete, with 1,000 Harris
checks, \$185. THE NEW BENT ELECTRIC
DICE, our latest creation. Send for our 48-
page catalogue, free. 125 Clark St., Chicago.

HEADQUARTERS

For Everything in Our Line,
BIG SIX WHEELS, ELECTRIC AND
AUTOMATIC WHEELS, FIDELITY,
ATC, 20-page catalogue, FREE. Descrip-
tion of H. Henry & Co. (Inc.) Everything
in line, complete, ready to go, com-
plete. Export work in any line.
KERNAN MFG. CO. (Inc.)
Dept. H. V. 108 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

**CRAP DICE \$3 CARDS, WHEELS,
SPINDLES, ETC.**

Add. SMYTHE & TRIPLETT
QUINCY, ILL.

CLUB ROOM GOODS

Roulette wheels, tables, layouts,
etc. Finest checks in U.S. Send for list.
HARRIS & CO., 32 University Place, New York.

CLUB ROOM

And Fair Ground goods of every
description; also 100 varieties of Slot
Machines. Send for catalogue before buying. Address
GOLDEN & CO., 90 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW DEVICE

for operating any hold-out, \$25.
Free catalogue of New Improved Hold-
out, Inks, Dice, Cards, Fair Ground Games, Etc., Etc.
Sure winners. J. JAMES MFG. CO., Fort Scott, Kan.

Marked Bicycle Cards. 6 decks \$5. Counter
Magnets \$15 to \$35. Transparent Dice \$10. Crap Dice
that get the money \$2.50 per pair. Spindles, etc.
Deane & Laser, 1057 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.

CRAP DICE

that get the money, \$3.00.
Marked cards, etc. Cat. free.
D. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

BLACK OUT INK. Sample free. Cards, Dice,
BLOCK F. SKINNER, 137 1/2 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

CARDS. Sample pack, stamped back playing cards
sent WITH KEY for 35c. Jas. Johnson & Co., Austin, Ill.

CRAP DICE \$2. Marked Cards \$1. Inks, Holdouts,
etc. Cat. free. Hamilton Mfg. Co., Newark, Mo.

A MAGNIFICENT

ART ALBUM FREE

YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER A
THEATRICAL ART ALBUM
OR AN
ATHLETIC ART ALBUM

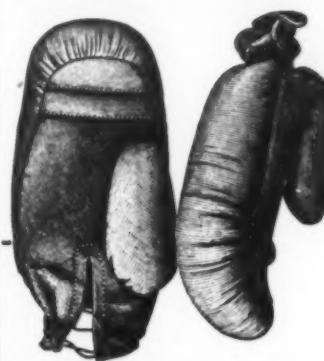
If you will send in 3 Quarterly Sub-
scriptions to the POLICE GAZETTE
at \$1.00 each, you will receive,
FREE, either Album you may select.

These handsome volumes are 11 1/2 by 16 1/2
inches, are printed on heavy white paper, and
handsomely bound in white vellum.
Nothing like them has ever been published.
Each Album contains Sixty Beautiful Pictures,
those in the Athletic Book being Champions of all
kinds, and those in the Theatrical Volume, the
Likenesses of well known Actresses.

If you want both Albums send in 10
Subscriptions.

Bear in mind they are absolutely FREE.
All money orders must be made payable
to RICHARD K. FOX.

BOXING GLOVES FREE



A fine set of gloves made of the best Yucatan kid and filled with fine quality hair will be given as a premium to anyone sending in \$4.50 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE.

The gloves alone are worth the money. Send all remittances to

RICHARD K. FOX,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CRACKED HANDS

Cured in One Minute by
FLEXO

In a water proof li-
quid adhesive which
forms a tough yet flexible transpar-
ent coating, giving instant relief.
Cures water sores as quickly.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold only by
THE FLEXO COMPANY, Lock Box 5, Valparaiso, Ind.

EASY MONEY

Can always be made with
one of our Steam Merry-go-
rounds. Send for circulars
of new machines. Always on
hand. Immediate shipment.
KERNAN & EVANS
Lockport, N. Y.

QUICK

Get next to the best
money getter of all. The
one chance of a lifetime. Nothing
to sell except the plan. Price 50c. You'll never re-
gret it. Taylor & Co., Box 116, Sandusky, O.

LOVE CHARM

How to make anyone
love you with true &
everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old
or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. Silver
KEY SUPPLY CO., No. 506 Austin St., Chicago.

COLORADO SPECIMENS FREE

from Gilpin's
greatest gold mines. Shares only 9c. Prospectus
and Sworn Monthly Statements. A bonanza for good
gents. RODERICK DRUG CO., 507 Mack, Denver, Col.

LOVE CHARM HOW TO MAKE ANYONE

love you with true and
everlasting love. Also complete course in up-to-
date Hypnotism; both for 10c. Box 78, Frenchtown, N. J.

PHOTO BUTTON PHOTOS 25c TO \$3.

100 each, 3 same 25c. Your Photo Retd. Cat. & Sample (conveniently) in Big Money
to Agents. SUNBEAM PHOTO CO., Dept. 30, BUFFALO, N. Y.

RODS

for locating gold and silver, lost treasures,
etc. Guaranteed. Circulars, 2cts. Bryant
Bros., Box 121-27, Dallas, Tex.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES up-to-date SPECIALTIES;

enclose 2c. stamp for reply. Box 723, N. Y. City.

PERSONAL.

I SEEK HUSBAND for Lady, 22, worth
\$10,000 and beautiful farm. Widow, 36,
\$30,000 and stock farm. Lady, 26, \$40,000. Lady,
22, \$8,000 and beautiful home. Address: MRS.
LELAND, 19 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIAGE

Directory free to all. Pay when
married. New plan. Send no
money. For particulars address SELECT
CLUB, Dept. 23, TEKONSHA, MICH.

YOUNG WIDOW, age 28, with \$10,000; lady, 20, \$50,000;
lady, 25, \$15,000; blonde, 18, cash and beautiful farm.
I seek honorable husbands for these. Confidential.
Address MRS. W., 697 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY 10,000

ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO
MARRY
STANDARD COL. CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD

SILVER and HIDDEN TREASURES CAN BE
found by Hall's Magnetic Rod. Millions of wealth lying
under your feet. A book and testimonials free. Address
P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

10,000 ARE ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED

Many Rich. Big lists, pictures &
addresses FREE. The PHLOP, 42, 169 Hamlin Ave., Chicago.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. The best in existence,
Eastern Agency B, Bridgeport, Conn.

MARRY

Improved methods; many wealthy; particu-
lars free. Star, 572 4th, San Francisco.

A CARD FROM PRIVATE CHARTIER

Private Chartier, Troop B, Fourth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., wishes his friends to understand that he does not pose as a distinguished rider, and that his picture was sent to the GAZETTE by some person who wanted to play a practical joke.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

Big C

CURES
in 1 to 4 days.
Guaranteed to
Prevent contagion.
THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.
CINCINNATI, O.
U. S. A.

Big C is a non-poisonous
remedy for Gonorrhea,
Gleet, Syphilis, etc.,
White, unnatural dis-
charges, or any inflamma-
tion, irritation or ulceration
of mucous mem-
branes. Non-astringent.
Sold by Druggists,
or sent in plain wrapper,
by express, prepaid, for
\$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75.
Circular sent on request.

ARE YOU A WEAK MAN?

The "Vienna" Discovery Sent Free. A large sample of the "Vienna" Discovery and books on marriage, etc., sent free. Results of Abuse. Drains, Lost Manhood, Weak and Undeveloped Organs cured by this wonderful discovery. Don't be a wreck. Enjoy the pleasure of life; we will open the way to you to be a man again. Write to-day at once. Correspondence confidential. Marriage Guide and other books sent FREE. W. C. Albert, Dept. 272, 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL."

Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, the TARRANT'S, CERTAIN and SAFE cure for un-
natural or infectious discharges from urinary organs.
Cures quicker than any other remedy. Causes no
stricture. At druggists \$1.00, or by mail in sealed
packages from THE TARRANT COMPANY,
21 JAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet,
Gonorrhea and Runnings
IN 48 HOURS.
Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Per-
fect Vigor and Nerve force to small, Shrunken
and Weak Sexual Organs. DR. KNAPP MED. CO.,
797 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly send
this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS.**

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist
for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. Take
no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for Particulars.
Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies,"
in letter, by return mail.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.,
2879 Madison Square, Phila., Pa.

GONORRHEA

or Gleet dis-
charges stopped
in 48 hours by
Citrosandale
capsules. Best remedy for men in trouble. Cure
yourselves. Positive cure guaranteed in 5 days. By
mail, \$1. THE CITROSANDALE CO., 66 Broadway, N. Y.

SLOT MACHINES.

6-SLOT ROULETTE

EQUAL TO FOUR OR FIVE ORDINARY
SLOT MACHINES. WRITE TO FORN
NOVELTY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

Mills' Deweys \$55; 20th Century \$65; Walling
Dewey \$38; Brownie \$15, and 100 others at reduced
prices. Sloan Novelty, 900 Girard Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

OWLS \$15; Owl Jrs. \$14; Detroit's \$45; Musi-
cals \$60; Pucks \$38. Box 121, Sandusky, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address
and we will show you
how to make \$3 a day
absolutely sure; we
furnish the work and teach you free, you work in
the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will
explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit
of \$1 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 840, Detroit, Mich.

Worth Four Times the Price



SIZE, 5 x 7 1/4 INCHES.
A SUPERB COVER DONE IN COLORS.
73 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
POSED FOR BY THE AUTHOR.
All the Rules. Price, 25 Cents.
RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN Should be in the Possession of Every Up-to-date Boxer in the Country

PROMINENT TONSORIALISTS

If You Have a Record Send it in to
the "Police Gazette."



Fred Giessler, of 479 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., is considered one of the most expert tonsorialists of that city, and is one of the many contestants for the "Police Gazette" gold medal. Mr. Giessler's patrons are some of the most prominent citizens of San Francisco, and his shop is one of the best equipped in the city.

\$150 GOLD MEDALS FOR BARBERS

Barbers who propose to compete for the "Police Gazette" medals will find it very much to their interest to have newspaper representatives present and have a public exhibition.

Here are the trophies and the conditions:

First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.

Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.

Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

A LETTER WORTH READING.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: We are all glad to hear that you are going to put up three medals, emblematic of the tonsorial championships. We will do all we can to help the contest along and would suggest that you communicate with F. J. Bishop, 303 Centre street, Chicago, the secretary of the Barbers' Union. The names of our club members are as follows: George J. Frei, president; H. Milz, vice president; A. Langner, recording secretary; R. Schutze, financial secretary; O. Kammerdt, treasurer; F. Paepke, S. A. A.; H. Miller, C. Leverage, H. Kammerdt, L. Schultz, W. Panzer and F. Pretzel.

The name of our club barber is Albert Zawor, and we are going to back him for one of the prizes. Yours truly,
GEORGE J. FREI, President,
Woodcraft Club, 647 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MADE A RECORD.

Here is a story from a newspaper published at Miami, Fla. Mr. Gallat is to be congratulated for the very fine advertisement he has obtained, and his example might well be followed by other tonsorialists.

Monday night at the New York Barber Shop, Mr. James Gallat shaved and lathered twenty-nine men in thirty minutes. He shaved one man in thirty seconds. This is the outcome of a barbers' contest for the Police Gazette championship medals, the first prize being a \$75 gold medal for lathering and shaving the greatest number of men in thirty minutes. The second prize is a \$50 gold medal for the quickest hair cut, and the third a \$25 gold medal for the quickest single shave.

The witnesses were: Hon. J. E. Lammus, Mayor; Mr. S. O. Flitts, Deputy County Clerk, and Dr. G. Enloe. Mr. Gallat did not select the men he shaved, but took them as they came. He certainly has made a record that will be hard to beat. He was on his thirtieth man when time was called and finished within three seconds, thus it will be seen he only lacked three seconds to finish the thirtieth shave.

Mr. Gallat competed to-day for the second prize, for the quickest artistic hair cut, and did it in two minutes and thirty seconds.

TONSORIAL CRITICISMS.

Good luck to your contest. Count me in as a contestant.
C. MAYO, Pottstown, Pa.

Please send me some entry blanks for the contest, as myself and friends are going to enter.

JOS. UHLER, 908 Pearl Street, Cleveland, O.

I am glad you have started a contest. Now you will see a lot of bluffs taking to the woods.

OSCAR STRAUSS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I think I have a champion in my shop. I am going to enter him in your contest, anyhow, and if he wins I will back him for \$500 against all comers.

EUGENE BELFORD, Detroit.

"I am interested in your barbers' contest. Please send me some of your entry blanks and I will distribute them among the boys. I lathered and shaved a man last week in forty seconds on the first

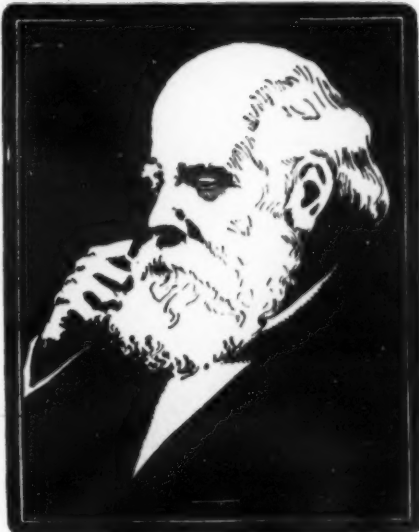
I SAVE WEAK MEN

I Have Discovered the Marvelous
Secret of Perpetual Youth and
Undying Manly Vigor and I
Give it to You Free.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World
With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Mar-
velous Secret No Man Can Grow Old
and it is My Mission on Earth Hence-
forth to Bring all Jaded, Worn-
Out Men to This Foun-
tain of Youth.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and
Address and This Marvelous Compound
Will Be Sent You by Return Mail, Pre-
paid and Absolutely Free.

I have discovered the marvelous secret of perpetual life and vigor in men. To me it has been given to bring to the fallen, weary, worn-out brothers the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake" but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men. The secret of this mighty healing power, this vital life spark, this marvelous tonic fluid is



"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for
Every Weak Man."—Dr. Ferris.

known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every weak man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to the strength and powerful vigor of youth. With this marvelous, mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible for every weak man to have for his own the glorious manly power, the untiring vigor and the long life of the patriarchs of Bible times. With this mysterious compound no weak man will ever again be troubled with impotency, vital losses, nightly emissions, spermatorrhea, varicocele, premature, defective power or lack of vital energy.

Send me no money. It is my duty, guided by an Unseen Hand—it is my mission on earth—my life work—to lift up the fallen, heal the weak and cure the maimed or undeveloped; and to every man who has lost his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and health. I can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness and the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

Remember, it matters not how old you are; it matters not how you lost your manhood, or when you lost it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or stimulating method of treatment, but it is the vital spark of life itself, and it matters not how many remedies and doctors have failed, I have repeatedly and instantly renewed the youth of old men. My secret compound never fails. I have often instilled into jaded men new vitality, health and strength. For worn-out men I have oft kindled, in an instant, and to stay, the sparkling vitality of youth. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris 177 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every weak man to come to me for I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, yet I seek not fame nor glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men into the enjoyment of their true manliness and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

I believe, with a little practice, I can reduce the time to twenty or twenty-five seconds. Yours truly,

"E. F. JARREL,

"Gilbert Shaving Parlor,
"332 Bowie Street, Beaumont, Tex."

You can count me in on your barbers' contest, and whether I win or not I will challenge any barber in the world to meet me.

J. D. MICHELE,

37½ Fonda Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

I have a pretty good record and I am going after one of your medals. Please send me some blanks by return mail, and I will see what I can do.

ROY SNELL, Reading, O.

SYPHILIS SYPHILIS

Cyphilene DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY EXPERIMENTING. WE HAVE THE ONLY CURE. CURED IN 15 TO 35 DAYS

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary SYPHILIS permanently cured at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure.

IF YOU HAVE Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary SYPHILIS WE GUARANTEE TO CURE

We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we can not cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of most eminent physicians. \$100,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application.

100-page book sent free.

NO BRANCH OFFICES.
Address, COOK REMEDY CO.
319 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

A Magic Cure

COOK REMEDY CO. COOK REMEDY CO.

WEAK And UNDEVELOPED PARTS of the BODY
ENLARGED and STRENGTHENED!

Vigorous, Natural Conditions established and sustained. Complete, Rapid Development of Normal Functions and Size. An unfailing, scientific method, perfected by experience; endorsed by highest authority. Full account of the system, with references, mailed, in plain, sealed letter on request. Strictest confidence observed. We especially solicit inquiry from men who have been deceived and victimized by the quacks.

Address **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.**

MEN ONLY

CACTUS Enlarges small organs. Restores sexual ability. **CREAM** Cures nervous debility. Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong, strong men stronger. \$1.00 box. Sample box (one application only) 75c. silver. This month a \$1.00 box for 50c. **Ferry Co., 25 Third Av., New York.**

EVERY SANE MAN

should read Dr. Shafer's famous lecture on **VENEREAL and HYPOCRITICAL**. Dr. Shafer's method of curing these diseases is fully explained and illustrated. This valuable booklet will be sent free to any man sending 2 cents for postage. Write for it to-day. You will never regret it. Address, **Dr. J. F. SHAFER, 206 Penn. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.**

Your Doctor Bill Paid

If Glyco-Methylene fails to **ABSOLUTELY PREVENT** Gonorrhea or Syphilis. Some doctors and druggists say we hurt their business. Take no chances. You can win nothing and may lose life. Small tubes prepaid 50c. Folder free about this late discovery. **GLYCO CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size. Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. **DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 793 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich.,** gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

MEN RESULTS IN 5 MINUTES

No internal drugs, no belt or appliance. My celebrated local East India application gives vigorous results and thorough satisfaction in five minutes. Guaranteed or money back. \$2 per bottle. **DR. J. B. WEINTRAUB, Room 100, 246 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

OLD MEN

Made young and young men strong and vigorous by Dr. Yousoul's celebrated Turkish Ointment. It is guaranteed to greatly increase the size, vigor and power of the sexual organs. A small box mailed sealed in plain wrapper for 20c. stamps or silver. Large box \$1.00. **Franklin Remedy Co., Dept. D, 519 3d Av. New York.**

WOMEN KAOLA will absolutely cure all venereal diseases. Endorsed by physicians. Harmless and perfect antiseptic. Sent plain and securely sealed on receipt of price, \$1.00 for two dozen. Send name and address for valuable information. Address **KAOLA DRUG CO., RENO, NEVADA.**

GO-REA "The Quick Repair." Guaranteed to cure Gonorrhea, Gleet and Leucorrhea. Sure, safe, painless, 11 cures. No case known to have ever failed to cure. 1 to 5 days. Sent in plain box for \$1. **THE GO-REA CO., 184 J. Dearborn St., Chicago.**

LOVE'S SWEET CHARMS A 200-page book to marry and married men who are not living right. Sent postpaid for 35 cents. **Wisconsin Medical Pub. Co., 212 Alhambra Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.**

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write **The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. T 3, Lebanon, O.**

O-RI-NO-CO. Stricture; cures Gonorrhea, Gleet and Runnings. \$1.00 a bottle; express prepaid. **W. T. WITTE & CO., Druggists, RICHMOND, VA.**

A SECRET for weak or undeveloped men. No C.O.D. Write to-day. New Idea Co., G 508, Toledo, Ohio.

RECIPES For Lost Manhood, Syphilis, Gonorrhea, M. S. CO., 118 W. 90th St., N. Y. **FREE**

GENTS—Results in 20 minutes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price 50c. Prof. Thoner, Chemist, Bridgeport, Conn.

The best book on wrestling is now ready. It contains everything; is by Champion George Bothner. Fully illustrated. Price, 25 cents; this office.

SYPHILIS CURED!

No matter whether it be in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage, no matter if you are at the point of despair and have been told that your case is incurable, **\$500 CASH** will be paid for any case of SYPHILIS that **STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY** will not cure. Send for book which will give you much valuable information. **The JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO., Department B, KANSAS CITY, MO.**

BLOOD POISON

\$500 REWARD For the most Horrible, Destructive, Brain-Wrecking, Mind and Body DESTROYING Case of Contagious **BLOOD POISON, OR SYPHILIS**, any stage or any cause, that our Never-failing **EL-VULCAN COMPOUND** will not Speedily, Positively and Permanently CURE for life. This powerful Compound stops all ravages in 4 days. Secret, Ideal Home Treatment. **Cheapest, Greatest, Surest Cure on Earth.** Saves you time, money and disappointment. Over 10,000 Cures; not a single failure. Write for proofs, valuable booklet, testimonials, etc., **FREE** **EL-VULCAN REMEDY CO., C-515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.**

YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Pabel's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by **Circular mailed on request. Pabel Chemical Co. (Ind. Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.**

Say, Boys, It's Great!
CELERY CURE.

"Weak or strong, you can't go wrong, If you take the Celery Cure."
Men made over and developed in 10 minutes. Our new proposition gives you \$3.00 worth of the remedy free. Write at once to **Empire State Drug & Chemical Co., 3 St. Mark's Place, New York City.**

A SURE CURE FOR GONORRHEA
DR. CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC.
Taken internally; two bottles suffice. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. **Wright's L. V. P. Co., 372 Pearl St., New York**

A POSITIVE CURE FOR MEN ONLY.
Without medicine—**ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES** will cure the most obstinate cases. No nauseous doses. Price \$1.50. Sold by druggists. Send for circular **J. C. Allan Co., P. O. Box 2996, New York.**

WEAK MEN CURED FREE

We will send **FREE** in plain sealed envelope, a prescription which will positively cure Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Shrunken or Undeveloped Organs in your home. **NORTH WESTERN MEDICAL ASSN., 161 Lincoln Building, Detroit, Mich.** I was cured, and it is my duty to lend a helping hand to fellow sufferers.

STRICTURE
Cured at home by a New Method. Safe and painless. No surgical operation or loss of time. No failure. Prostatic Irritation and Enlargement, Obstruction and Mucous Discharges cured. Book mailed (sealed) free. **Victor Chem. Co. 45 Brewer Bldg. Boston, Mass.**

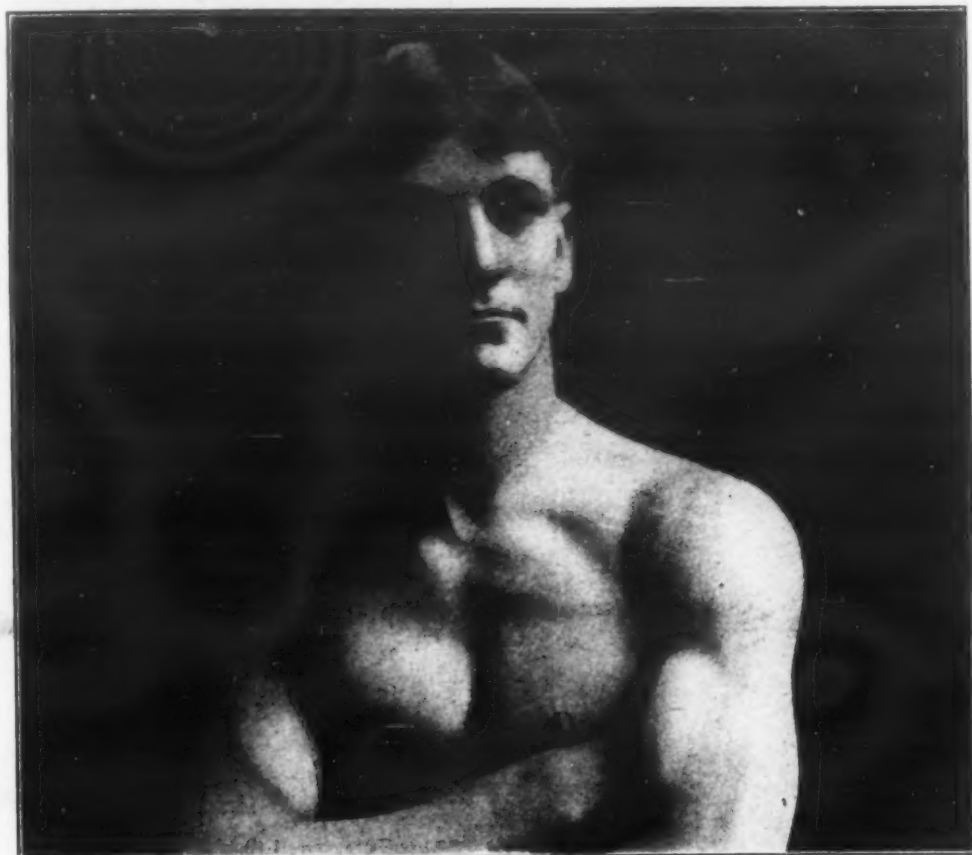
LADIES, Dr. LaFranco's Compound
gives positive relief. Powerful combination. Used by 200,000 women. Price, 25 cts. Druggists or mail. Address **LaFRANCO & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

LADIES IN TROUBLE use our sure remedy. Trial **FREE.** **Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

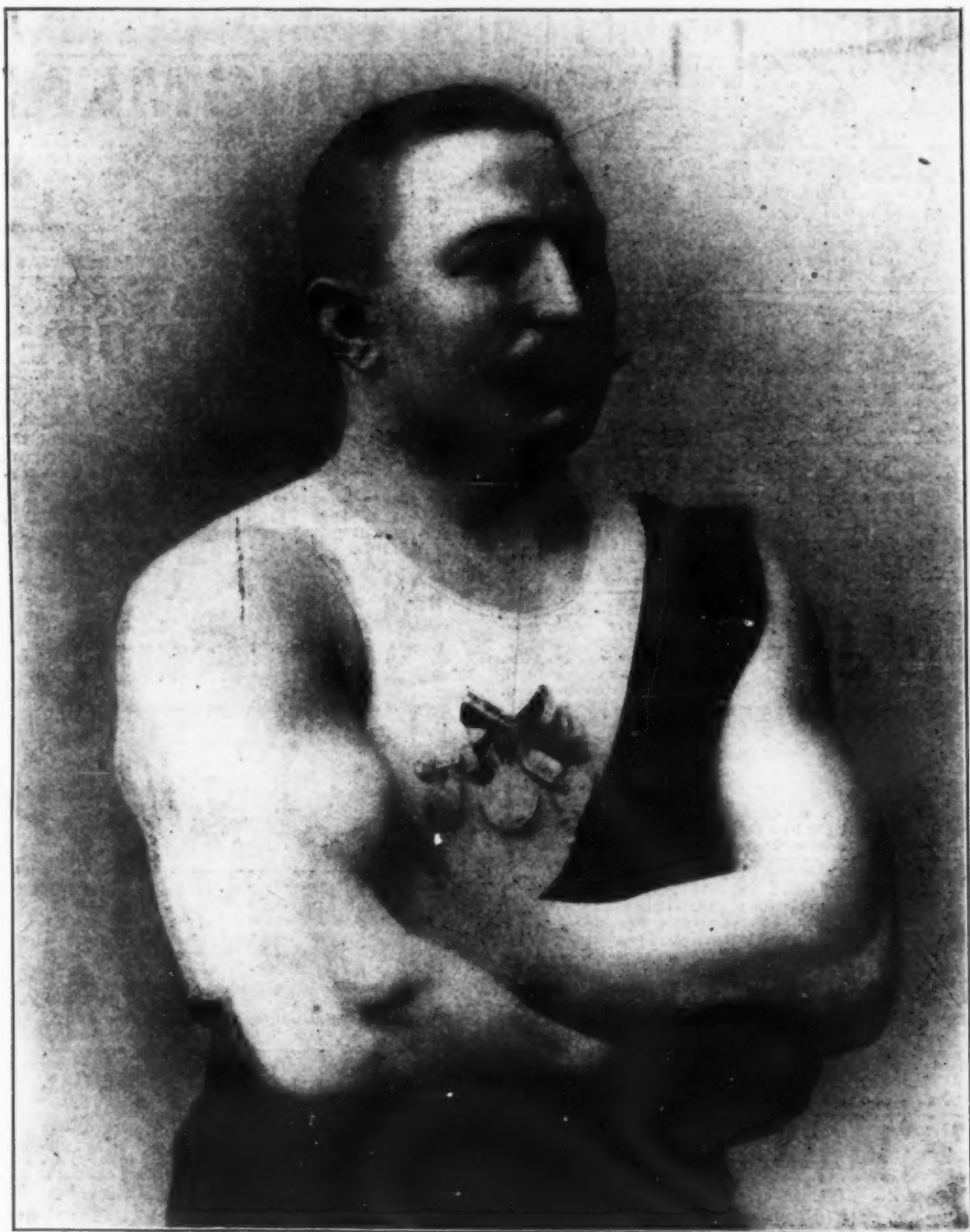
LADIES My Regulator never fails. Box **FREE.** **DR. F. MAY, Box 27 Bloomington, Ill.**



JERRY MCCARTHY, A WALKERVILLE, MONT., BOXER.



LOUIE LONG, 128-POUND PACIFIC COAST CHAMPION.



H. NIEMANN, BOXER AND WRESTLER OF HAMBURG, GERMANY.



J. H. M'INTOSH, ATHLETIC SPORTING EDITOR, BUTTE, MONT.

ATHLETIC CELEBRITIES.

NIEMANN SENDS A SWEEPING CHALLENGE FROM GERMANY TO BOX OR WRESTLE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHTS, JAMES J. JEFFRIES PREFERRED.



A FAMOUS GROUP.

The Rassos, a Trio of Magnificently Developed European Athletes in one of Their Unique and Most Celebrated Poses.